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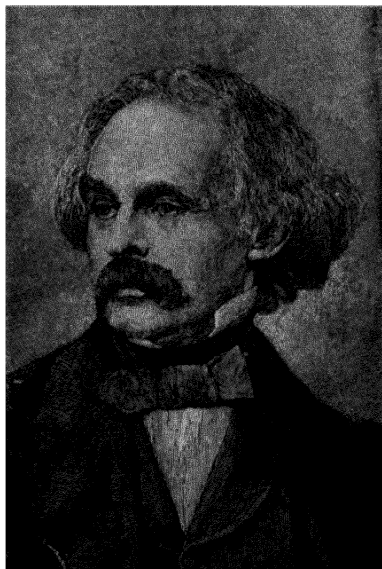
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**NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.**

SELECTIONS FROM  
TWICE-TOLD TALES

BY  
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES  
BY  
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QUEENS BOROUGH, NEW YORK CITY

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To  
MY MOTHER



## PREFATORY NOTE

THE text of this edition of *Twice-told Tales* follows that of the edition of 1842, James Munroe & Co., Boston. The punctuation, however, has been modernized. Previous to deciding to follow in the main the 1842 text, the editor collated several other early texts, including, in the case of four of the tales, that of the periodical in which the sketch first appeared. The text of 1842 was found to be, on the whole, the best.

The principal sources for the biographical sketch are Julian Hawthorne's *Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife*, George Parsons Lathrop's *A Study of Hawthorne*, and the life of Hawthorne by Henry James, Jr., in the English Men of Letters Series. Other accounts of Hawthorne's life are mentioned in the Bibliography. It may be said that different dates are given in different books regarding various incidents of this author's life. By a careful weighing of these varying statements, an effort



# INTRODUCTION

## NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

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THE village of Salem in Massachusetts has two claims to distinction in historical annals. The first of these causes of renown—not now recalled with pride by its inhabitants—is that here was the centre of the superstition known as the “Salem witchcraft.” Towards the end of the seventeenth century a great witchcraft delusion broke out and before the frenzied superstition had run its course nineteen persons had been hanged, among them a clergyman who is now looked upon as a martyr to an unjust and senseless persecution. The other cause for distinction is a source of gratulation to every inhabitant of Salem. Here on the fourth of July, 1804, was born Nathaniel Hawthorne, who is recognized by all critics as a master of literary expression and is hailed by many as the greatest American author.

Hawthorne came of a long line of colonial ancestors. The first of the family to come to America was Major William Hathorne, who settled in Massachusetts in 1630. His name was spelled without the *w*, and the name was thus spelled till the time of our author himself, who changed the spelling to the form familiar now, Hawthorne. The Major took an active part in the contests with the savages, and was no less active in his efforts to stamp out the heretical Quakers. Mr. Julian Hawthorne says of him, “Quakers received the lash at his command, and itinerant preachers and vagabonds were happy if

they escaped with the stocks or the pillory." William Hathorne's son John was connected with the persecution of the witches of Salem. As Judge, he condemned to death certain persons accused of witchcraft, one of whom, according to tradition, invoked a heavy curse on him and his descendants. Of this John Hathorne and of his father, the Major, Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote in the introductory chapter to *The Scarlet Letter*: "I know not whether these ancestors of mine bethought themselves to repent, and ask pardon of Heaven for their cruelties; or whether they are now groaning under the heavy consequences of them, in another state of being. At all events, I, the present writer, as their representative, hereby take shame upon myself for their sakes, and pray that any curse incurred by them—as I have heard, and as the dreary and unprosperous condition of the race, for many a long year back, would argue to exist—may be now and henceforth removed."

Over the period when his ancestors were "unprosperous" and obscure, a time during which from father to son they followed the sea without interruption, we may pass to the time of Hawthorne's own parents. His father, who was a shipmaster like his predecessors of the race for a hundred years, died of yellow fever in Dutch Guiana, four years after Nathaniel was born. Hawthorne's immediate bringing up was therefore left in the hands of his mother. She also came of an old New England family and was a woman of remarkable beauty.

With her in the ancestral village of Salem, Hawthorne passed a large part of his boyhood, and after his college days were over, a number of the most developing years of his life. Not much of importance is related concerning Hawthorne's life in these early years of his boyhood. He is said to have been fond of long lonely walks, and in other respects he showed a liking for his own company in preference to that of children of his own age. He read a few good books thoroughly, growing to enjoy the *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Faerie Queene*, neither of

which is well known to most boys of to-day. His education appears in these years to have been gained at the common schools of his home village. He himself says in what Mr. Julian Hawthorne considers the only bit of authentic autobiography of his father's boyhood: "One of the peculiarities of my boyhood was a grievous disinclination to go to school, and (Providence favoring me in this natural repugnance) I never did go half as much as other boys, partly owing to delicate health (which I made the most of for the purpose), and partly because much of the time there were no schools within reach." In this last statement he evidently refers to the distance from his home in Raymond, Maine, whither he says he removed at the age of eight or nine, to any common school. His family, consisting of his mother, two sisters, and himself, lived for several years with a brother of Mrs. Hawthorne, Robert Manning, at Raymond, Maine, on the banks of Lake Sebago, where Nathaniel's grandfather owned a large tract of land comprising some thousands of acres. At about nine years of age, before the family moved to Raymond, Hawthorne was severely lamed while playing what his sister Elizabeth calls "bat-and-ball." He went for some time on crutches, receiving little help from the doctors, and finally, as his sister quaintly says, being cured by "Dr. Time." In this illness he reminds one of Sir Walter Scott, who similarly was lame during several years of his boyhood. In the case of both these authors the love for reading was naturally encouraged and fostered during their years of illness. Regarding the time of his residence in Raymond, Hawthorne says that he "ran quite wild, fishing all day long, or shooting with an old fowling-piece; but reading a good deal, too, on the rainy days, especially in Shakespeare and any poetry or light books within reach." In general it may be said that during the years of his boyhood before he entered college he had shown no marked precocity and no remarkable eccentricities. He was, however, to become a great author.

Though the family remained in Raymond till 1820, or even 1822, Nathaniel returned in 1818 to Salem, where he lived with an uncle and resumed his place in school. A year later he began private study with a lawyer who undertook to prepare him for college. Mr. Henry James quotes an interesting extract from a letter sent by Hawthorne to his mother at this time: "I have left school, and have begun to fit for college under Benjm. L. Oliver, Lawyer. So you are in danger of having one learned man in your family. . . . I get my lessons at home, and recite them to him (Mr. Oliver) at seven o'clock in the morning." In the same letter he laments the fact that he is no longer with his mother, with nothing to do but to go a-gunning, and mournfully speaks of the happiest years of his life as having gone by.

In 1821 Hawthorne entered Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine. His work in college was fair, but not extraordinary in any respect. He wrote to his mother this year: "What do you think of my becoming an author and relying for support upon my pen? Indeed, I think the illegibility of my handwriting very author-like." Like many an undergraduate he wrote verses during these happy days, and like many a college student of to-day he enjoyed himself in various ways not known to the faculty. He walked and fished and idled as do many care-free Juniors of the present. Of the side of his college life not set down in the curriculum he gives in the Preface of *The Snow Image* (To Horatio Bridge, Esq., U. S. N.) a charming picture which is worth quoting here: "On you, if on no other person, I am entitled to rely, to sustain the position of my Dedicatee. If anybody is responsible for my being at this day an author, it is yourself. I know not whence your faith came; but, while we were lads together at a country college, — gathering blueberries in study hours, under those tall academic pines; or watching the great logs, as they tumbled along the current of the Androscoggin; or shooting pigeons and gray squirrels in the

woods ; or bat-fowling in the summer twilight ; or catching trouts in that shadowy little stream which, I suppose, is still wandering river-ward through the forest, — though you and I will never cast a line in it again, — two idle lads, in short (as we need not fear to acknowledge now), doing a hundred things the Faculty never heard of, or else it had been worse for us, — still it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny, that he was to be a writer of fiction." The Horatio Bridge to whom this dedicatory letter was addressed was one of Hawthorne's college mates at Bowdoin. Other fellow students of Hawthorne were the poet Longfellow and Franklin Pierce, who became President of the United States and who always remained a warm friend of Hawthorne. In looking back upon his associations with his fellow students, Hawthorne would naturally idealize the happy careless hours in the woods and along the streams, just as every college man looks back most fondly to the extra-scholastic joys which form the greatest charm of college life in retrospect. Yet it is not to be supposed that Hawthorne unduly slighted his lessons, for he was graduated creditably in 1825.

At his mother's home in Salem to which he returned after graduation he remained till 1839, spending uneventful, meditative years, laying the foundations for the literary skill shown in his later life. His novel of *Fanshawe* was published anonymously in 1828 at his own expense. It was later so displeasing to its author that he bought up and destroyed nearly the whole edition. A first edition of *Fanshawe* is consequently a rarity much sought after by collectors. The scene of this youthful novel is his college, Bowdoin, though in the book it is called "Harley College." The merits of the story are slight, yet it is interesting as showing some elements of the delicacy of touch characteristic of the later Hawthorne. During this chrysalis period the young man Hawthorne published anonymously in various magazines of the time many of the shorter pieces which

are now highly regarded by critics. The writer has turned over the leaves of many volumes of old magazines searching for these sketches written in Hawthorne's young manhood, and has been rewarded now and then by unearthing the pay ore of an anonymous Hawthorne story. A collection of these pieces was first made in the spring of 1837, under the felicitous title *Twice-told Tales*. About this time, through a misunderstanding, Hawthorne is said to have challenged an old friend to a duel, but satisfactory explanations being made the friendship was renewed without fighting. However, one of Hawthorne's old college friends, who was induced to send a challenge to another man at the same time, did actually fight and lost his life. At this, Hawthorne naturally became pensive, not to say melancholy. Details of his life at this period need not be given fully. He lived quietly with his mother and his two sisters in his deceased grandfather's house, "a tall, ugly, old, grayish building." He indulged to the utmost his natural tendency to seclusion, so that for months together he scarcely held human intercourse outside of his own family. Even his mother and sisters in the old Herbert Street mansion he met but infrequently in family circle. It is said that often his meals were left at his locked door. He did not at this time give himself what is so great a pleasure to most writers, the pleasure of reading his stories aloud to the assembled members of his family. A scene like the familiar home circle view of Robert Louis Stevenson, reading to the members of his family the parts of *Treasure Island* as they grew under his hand day by day, can scarcely be conceived in the home of Nathaniel Hawthorne during this sombre period of his life. He went out rarely except by night. As a result of his nocturnal rambles, however, he was able to write "Night Sketches"—a little paper which shows his keenly observant eye for all that was to be seen in the trivial incidents of his simple experience.

Though he was on the whole a recluse during these years

Hawthorne occasionally ventured from Salem to visit friends such as Horatio Bridge in Maine, and to wander elsewhere about the New England states, insensibly gathering impressions for stories like "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe" and "David Swan." He says that once a year or thereabouts he used to make an excursion of a few weeks, in which he enjoyed as much of life as other people do in the whole year's round.

The last thing to be recorded about this period has to do with the beginning, in 1837, of Hawthorne's acquaintance with the Miss Peabody whom five years later he was to marry. He first met her at the home of one of their friends whither he had been invited with his two sisters. Hawthorne, arriving early and unexpectedly finding a number of others even more punctual than he, was greatly taken aback. Mr. Lathrop says that the young author "stood perfectly motionless, but with the look of a sylvan creature on the point of fleeing away." He turned pale with agitation, and his hand trembled so that when he nervously took up a small object that lay on a table near which he stood, he had to put it down at once, fearful lest he should betray his embarrassment. Later one of the Misses Peabody invited Hawthorne and his sisters to her home for the evening, and was surprised to see a look not of timidity, but of "almost fierce determination" on the face of the "splendidly handsome youth." (From other sources, too, we learn that he was exceedingly handsome. A story is told that an old gypsy woman, suddenly meeting him in a lonely forest path, was startled into the question, "Are you a man or an angel?") Altogether, in these fourteen years after he left college, Hawthorne showed fondness for solitary meditation, occasionally broken by sallies into social companionship, that strangely prepared the way for his development in the next period of his life into a vigorous manhood.

He received in 1839 from the historian, Bancroft, collector of the port of Boston, an appointment as weigher and gauger in

the Boston Custom-house at a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year. Hawthorne welcomed this appointment as a relief from the solitude of Salem, which he had begun to feel a great drawback to his development. The position in Boston necessarily drew him out of himself and opened to his eyes something of the larger world to which he had thus far been mostly a stranger. Yet the duties of the office could not have been particularly pleasing to a man of his temperament. Though we read of Charles Lamb's occupation for many years in the mechanical routine of an office, and though we are now often told of the close attention to business detail of the novelist, Hewlett, in the English civil service, we must acknowledge that the office of weigher and gauger could naturally have had few attractions of itself for Hawthorne. Thus we find in his notebooks, passages like the following, written in 1840, "I pray that in one year more I may find some way of escaping from this unblest Custom-house; for it is a very grievous thralldom. I do detest all offices." With some appreciation, however, of what this particular office had done for him, he wrote later: "It is good for me on many accounts that my life has had this passage in it. I know much more than I did a year ago. I have a stronger sense of power to act as a man among men."

Early in 1841 he freed himself from this distasteful, but useful service, to spend some time among the residents of the famous Brook Farm community, which included in its members Charles A. Dana, late editor of the *New York Sun*, George William Curtis, Margaret Fuller, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Here Hawthorne worked with the others, according to the socialistic scheme, helping to support himself and the community. It was part of the plan that each member should do manual labor and share profits with the others, while carrying on his chosen intellectual work and maintaining a separate single or married life. Hawthorne "turned grindstones and milked cows, hoed potatoes and picked apples, made hay and gathered

squashes, and then for supper devoured huge mounds of buck-wheat cakes." But he took little part in the conversation of the place, preferring to sit by himself and listen hour by hour to the chat of the other young people. He had certainly not yet shaken off his fondness for isolation. Various reasons are given for his going to Brook Farm, among them his desire to economize. He was very eager to marry Miss Peabody, but as yet did not feel that he was financially able to marry. He now published his series of stories for children, from New England history, *Grandfather's Chair* and *Famous Old People*. In July, 1842, he married Sophia Amelia Peabody, who, in the words of her son, Julian, was "a blessing and an illumination wherever she went," and whose sympathy and companionship had a great deal to do with Hawthorne's developing into a writer of the first rank.

After his marriage, he removed to Concord, Massachusetts, where he now spent three of the happiest years of his life in the "Old Manse," which has been made famous by his collection of tales entitled *Mosses from an Old Manse*. Hawthorne did not mingle often with the people of Concord, though he spent many a quiet, dreamy day boating with his friend Thoreau or fishing with Ellery Channing. "Strange and happy times were these when we cast aside all irksome forms and straight-laced habitudes, and delivered ourselves up to the free air, to live like the Indians or any less conventional race, during one bright semi-circle of the sun." The reader is not to imagine, however, that Hawthorne spent all his time in the open air boating and fishing. He says that every day he trudged off to the village for his mail and a quiet hour at the reading room, and then he trudged back again, "generally without having spoken a word to any human being." He speaks, too, of living within the subtle influence of Emerson's intellect during these years, and of becoming imbued with poetic sentiment at Longfellow's hearthstone. He relates further that he wrote three

or four hours a day, and that from his writing he was content to earn "only so much gold as might suffice for our immediate wants, having prospect of official station and emolument which would do away with the necessity of writing for bread."

This "official station" did come to him in 1846 in the form of an appointment as surveyor of the port of Salem. He had already, in the autumn of 1845, removed to his native town; he now remained here for four years. The well known prologue to *The Scarlet Letter* gives a delightful glimpse of this period of the author's life. Mr. Henry James calls this prologue "one of the most perfect of Hawthorne's compositions, and one of the most gracefully and humorously autobiographic." Rather than quote parts of it in this place we recommend it to the reader, that he may enjoy it entire. This novel, *The Scarlet Letter*, was begun in 1849, after Hawthorne through political trickery lost his place in the Custom-house. It was finished February 3, 1850, as he writes to Horatio Bridge, "I finished my book only yesterday, one end being in the press in Boston, while the other was in my head in Salem; so that, as you see, the story is at least fourteen miles long." It was published at the eager solicitation of James T. Fields, the Boston publisher. In his *Yesterdays with Authors*, Fields tells entertainingly of how he happened to get the manuscript from the author, who, in handing it to him said deprecatingly, "It is either very good or very bad, I don't know which." The success of this book was remarkable.

Having produced only this one story in four years, Hawthorne decided to leave Salem and take a small house at Lenox, Mass. In the summer of 1850 he moved to the little red house in Lenox where he spent the greater part of the next two years. During these years, stimulated by the success of his *Scarlet Letter*, he wrote more than at any other period of similar length in his life. *The House of the Seven Gables*, *The Wonder Book*, and *The Snow Image and Other Twice-told*

*Tales* belong to this period. Mrs. Hawthorne writes, January 27, 1851: "*The House of the Seven Gables* was finished yesterday. Mr. Hawthorne read me the close, last evening. There is unspeakable grace and beauty in the conclusion, throwing back upon the sterner tragedy of the commencement an ethereal light and a dear home-loveliness and satisfaction. How you will enjoy the book!"

James Russell Lowell wrote to his friend Hawthorne that he considered the "House" the most valuable contribution to New England history that had been made.

In spite of his activity with his pen at Lenox, Hawthorne was not happy; he wrote that he was sick to death of Berkshire, that the air and climate did not agree with his health, that the house he was living in was the most inconvenient little hovel he ever put his head in, and that for the first time since his boyhood he felt languid and dispirited. Late in November, 1851, he accordingly removed from Lenox. But so far as accommodations go he did not improve himself much. He moved to a "dismal and unlovely" suburb of Boston, called West Newton. A characteristic little touch of Hawthorne's uneasiness at remaining long in any place, is seen in the following whimsical paragraph from a letter to his friend Ellery Channing, December 13, 1851, regarding West Newton: "For my own part, I would infinitely rather settle on the icy peak of Mt. Ararat than in this village. It is absolutely the worst spot in the world. There are so many things against it that it would be useless to enumerate the first. Among others, day before yesterday, at six A.M. the thermometer was ten degrees below nothing. This is enough. A good climate is a prime consideration to me." At West Newton, Hawthorne wrote *The Blithedale Romance*, a novel which is best known as being suggested to him by his residence at Brook Farm. After its completion he went back to Concord in June, 1852. Here he bought from Bronson Alcott a house which he named "The

Wayside," and here he spent all the rest of the days that he passed in his own country.

Hawthorne's appointment in March, 1853, to be American consul at Liverpool begins the last period of his life. In the summer of this year he settled in Liverpool with a salary of about seven thousand five hundred dollars and fees. To this office he was appointed by President Franklin Pierce, whose life he had written as a bit of campaign literature to be used during General Pierce's presidential campaign. He greatly enjoyed his residence abroad. While attending closely to his duties, he did not find it necessary to confine himself to Liverpool, but took little journeys with his wife and children through various parts of England and Scotland, among other places visiting Scott's old home at Abbotsford, in 1856. London he particularly relished. During the four years of President Pierce's administration Hawthorne retained his consulship and then resigned, not however to return at once to America. In January of 1858 he went with his family to the Continent, where he spent about two years. The greater part of this time he passed in Rome and Florence. The second winter in Rome was made unpleasant for him by his doubts about what he should do in the future for a livelihood and by the serious illness of one of his daughters. A bright spot at this time, however, was made in the author's life by his friendly association with General Pierce, who at the end of his presidency had gone abroad and had found his old college friend in Rome. While in Rome Hawthorne found materials for the novel which by some critics is considered his best work, *Transformation*, or as it is now entitled, *The Marble Faun*. This novel he wrote at a villa near Florence and later re-wrote at Redcar, Yorkshire, England, in the autumn of 1859. It was published in 1860, and in June of this year Hawthorne returned to his home, "The Wayside," in Concord.

He was now nearing the end of his days. Ill health and the

depression he felt because of the impending Civil War made literary work difficult for him. Yet it was in these last years that he wrote serially the brilliant papers on his experience in England, called when published in book form, in 1863, *Our Old Home*. While working on *The Dolliver Romance*, which had been promised to subscribers of *The Atlantic Monthly*, he grew gradually weaker. He himself felt that his powers were almost ebbcd, and wrote to his friends that he could not finish the story unless a great change should come over him. He adds: "I am not low-spirited nor fanciful, nor freakish, but look what seem to me realities in the face, and am ready to take whatever may come. If I could but go to England now, I think that the sea-voyage might set me all right." This voyage he never took, for, being seriously ill, he started off with General Pierce for a trip to the mountains of New Hampshire. On the way, at Plymouth, New Hampshire, he died in May, 1864. General Pierce on going into his room early in the morning found that Hawthorne had breathed his last during the night — "had passed away tranquilly, comfortably, without a sign or sound, in his sleep." He was buried in the beautiful cemetery in Concord, Mass., where he had been wont to walk among the pines. As a fitting mark of esteem to their friend and companion, many of the chief writers and scholars of America — Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, Agassiz, Pierce, Ellery Channing — gathered in Concord to pay their respects to the memory of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the greatest of American writers, and one of the twenty-nine Americans to whom tablets have been dedicated in the new Hall of Fame.

## APPRECIATIONS

"Two natures in him strove  
Like day with night, his sunshine and his gloom.  
To him the stern forefathers' creed descended,  
The weight of some inexorable Jove  
Prejudging from the cradle to the tomb;  
But therewithal the lightsome laughter blended  
Of that Arcadian sweetness undismayed  
Which finds in Love its law."

— E. C. STEDMAN.

"When Nature was shaping him, clay was not granted  
For making so full-sized a man as she wanted ;  
So, to fill out her model, a little she spared  
From some finer-grained stuff for a woman prepared ;  
And she could not have hit a more excellent plan  
For making him fully and perfectly man."

— J. R. LOWELL.

"The ideal of happiness of many American children is to lie  
upon the carpet and lose themselves in *The Wonder Book*."

— HENRY JAMES, JR.

"He offers the most vivid reflection of New England life  
that has found its way into literature."

— HENRY JAMES, JR.

"To read his historical sketches is like wandering through  
old portrait galleries or walking streets that have long disap-  
peared, with quaint old houses about us and figures in the  
antique garb of a past generation."

— J. A. SYMONDS.

"His little historical sketches all seem to me admirable; they are so good that you may re-read them many times. . . . They are full of a vivid and delightful sense of the New England past."

— HENRY JAMES, JR.

"The skill with which he weaves his threads of mystery into the web of common life, the firm hand with which he controls the shadowy shapes which he evokes, the art with which he leaves his problems half unsolved and the reader's mind in doubt as to how much he himself believed of the wonders he suggested or revealed — these are among the most striking characteristics of his peculiar and original genius."

— G. S. HILLARD.

"The mind of this child of witch-haunted Salem loved to hover between the natural and the supernatural, and sought to tread the almost imperceptible and doubtful line of contact."

— G. W. CURTIS.

"The sensitive youth was a recluse, upon whose imagination had fallen the gloomy mystery of Puritan life and character. . . . There are many gleams upon the pages [of *Twice-told Tales*], but a strange, melancholy chill pervades the book."

— G. W. CURTIS.

"There is perhaps no more delicate comment on the exquisite sensibility of Hawthorne than this, that he should be so open to climatic influence in his writing."

— G. P. LATHROP.

"He had in his composition, contemplator and dreamer as he was, an element of simplicity and rigidity, a something plain, masculine, and sensible."

— HENRY JAMES, JR.

"Hawthorne was silent with his lips ; but he talked with his pen. The tone of his writing is often that of charming talk — ingenious, fanciful, slow-flowing, with all the lightness of gossip, and none of its vulgarity."

— HENRY JAMES, JR.

"That limpid flow of expression, never laboring, never shallow, but moving on with tranquil force, clear to the depths of profoundest thought, shows itself with all its consummate perfection."

— O. W. HOLMES.

"He calls your attention to the profound ethics involved in the tale, and yet does it so gently that you never think of the moral as being obtrusive."

— T. W. HIGGINSON.

"He had humor ; not facetiousness or buffoonery — a forced or imported brilliance — but innate humor, that plays about the subject like the lambent flames of incandescent coal."

— JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

"Hawthorne, when you have studied him, will be very precious to you. . . . He will have enabled you to feel yourself an inch taller during the process. Something of the sublimity of the transcendent, something of the mystery of the unfathomable, something of the brightness of the celestial, will have attached itself to you, and you will all but think that you might live to be sublime and revel in mingled light and mystery."

— ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

"His stories are, in the truest sense of the word, autobiographical ; and with repeated opportunities for cultivating his acquaintance by direct intercourse, we have learned from his books immeasurably more of his mental history, tastes, tenden-

cies, sympathies, and opinions than we should have known had we enjoyed his daily concourse for a lifetime. Diffident and reserved as to the habitudes of the outer man, yet singularly communicative in disposition and desire, he takes his public for his confidant, and betrays to thousands of eyes likes and dislikes, whims and reveries, veins of mirthful and serious reflection, modes of feeling both healthful and morbid, which it would be beyond his power to disclose through the ear, even to the most intimate of friends or the dearest of kindred."

— A. P. PEABODY.

These appreciations clearly sum up for us the most striking characteristics of Hawthorne's writing — his vividness in reflecting New England life, of his own time and of generations preceding; his skilful interweaving of the common things of everyday life with the mysteries that make themselves seen only to the eye of the artist; his gloomy Puritanism, often brightened by the gleams of his humor; his exquisite sensibility to climatic conditions; his simple and masculine directness which keeps him always clear-headed in the midst of his dreamy contemplation; his charming and limpid flow of expression; and, finally, his ever pervasive but never obtrusive moral teaching. Without exaggeration Anthony Trollope may well say that when you have studied Hawthorne fully he will be "very precious to you."

## SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITION

Time will perhaps not permit of each pupil's writing on all the subjects here presented. The teacher will easily think of ways for dividing the subjects among the members of the class to insure the greatest interest and the most benefit in composition. It has been found practicable in the present editor's classes to assign, say, one topic to one row of pupils, the next to the next row, and so on. The compositions, when read in the class by the writers, may be criticised quite closely under stimulating questions from the teacher that aim to bring out both merits and defects.

*David Swan.*—1. Describe David's surroundings. 2. In one paragraph of about seventy-five words give an account of the phantoms of David Swan's sleep. 3. With a setting of your own, give an account of the phantoms which might flit by while John Doe or Richard Roe or some other young man is taking a nap in the shade, or while Elinor Ludlow or Marion Stone or any young girl you know is slumbering quietly in a hammock. 4. Narrate a dream which you imagine David might have had while he slept in the shade of the maples. 5. Narrate any curious or amusing dream that you have had or have heard. 6. Give an account of David's after life, supposing that either the merchant or the young girl had waked him.

*Sights from a Steeple.*—1. Describe the busy scene on the wharf. 2. Tell the effect of the rain on the young man, the girls, the merchant, the soldiers, and the watchman. 3. Describe fully what may be seen from some high building or hill in the vicinity of your home. 4. Dialogue between two chimneys, between two telegraph poles, or between two schoolroom desks.

*The Prophetic Pictures.*—1. Show in what way the pic

tures were prophetic. 2. Give an account of the travels of the painter. 3. Give in detail reasons why the pictures were kept covered. 4. Narrate imaginary incidents, not given by Hawthorne, in the lives of Walter, Elinor, and the painter. 5. Write an account of the life of the painters Benjamin West and Gilbert Stuart. (See Hawthorne's *Biographical Stories* for incidents of West's boyhood. In *The Knickerbocker*, April, 1833, pages 195-202, there is an interesting "Biographical Sketch of the Late Gilbert Stuart.") 6. Describe in detail any painting, etching, or photograph that you particularly like. 7. Give a brief historical sketch of the development of portrait painting, photography, or engraving.

*Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe.* — 1. The public honors bestowed on Dominicus. 2. Pike's meeting with the mulatto. 3. Tell why Dominicus went to Mr. Higginbotham's orchard. 4. The character and personal appearance of Dominicus Pike. 5. Describe the horse and cart of Dominicus. 6. Describe the premises of Mr. Higginbotham. 7. Instances of humor in this story. 8. Distinguish between humor, wit, sarcasm, and irony. 9. Historical sketch of the life of the New England peddler, farmer, lawyer, factory hand, or schoolmistress of fifty years ago. 10. Introducing conversation, relate a real or imaginary talk with a peddler, a lawyer, an old-clothes man, a policeman, a street vender, a country storekeeper or postmaster, a fireman, a brakeman, a conductor, a tramp, a farm hand, or any other person whose talk has amused or interested you.

*The Minister's Black Veil.* — 1. Give all the reasons you can for Rev. Mr. Hooper's wearing the black veil. 2. Give an account of the minister's first call on Elizabeth after he began to wear the veil. 3. Using conversation, tell of the interview between the minister and the deputation from his church. 4. Describe the death-bed scene. 5. Show what good and what harm the minister brought about by wearing

the veil. 6. The character and personal appearance of Rev. Mr. Hooper or of Elizabeth. 7. Describe the scene at the church the first day that Mr. Hooper appeared in his veil. 8. Imagine your own minister showing some such eccentricity and give a full account of what might happen if he did. 9. Tell fully what you think of Rev. Mr. Clark.

*Howe's Masquerade.* — 1. Describe in detail the Province House. 2. Describe fully the exterior and interior of some building which you have seen. 3. Describe the interior of a large barn. 4. Describe fully the masquerade ball at the Province House. 5. Tell the significance of the procession. 6. Give an account of an imaginary conversation between Miss Joliffe and the Colonel on the way home from the ball. 7. Write an account of the preparations of the masquers for the ball. (Let your imagination have free rein, but be sure that the details you supply are consistent with those given by the author.) 8. Describe a masquerade of the present day. 9. Historical sketch of the incidents leading up to the evacuation of Boston by the British. 10. Describe a drum-major marching at the head of his band.

*Lady Eleanore's Mantle.* — 1. Lady Eleanore's entrance to the Province House. 2. The character and personal appearance of Lady Eleanore. 3. Show how far Lady Eleanore was to blame for Jervase Helwyse's becoming insane. 4. The complete history of Lady Eleanore's mantle. 5. Imaginary incidents of Lady Eleanore's voyage to America. 6. A meeting between Lady Eleanore and Jervase Helwyse in London. 7. Describe from your imagination the old woman working on the embroidered mantle; include a description of the room where she worked. 8. Methods for preventing the spread of contagious diseases.

*Old Esther Dudley.* — 1. Mistress Esther Dudley's peculiarities. 2. Give a full account of Esther's talk with Governor Howe and with Governor Hancock. 3. Write a description of

Mistress Dudley, including all details given by Hawthorne and supplying others consistently from your imagination. 4. Tell, as animatedly as you can, a story that Old Esther might have told to the small children of the neighborhood. 5. Give a historical sketch of the incidents attending the evacuation of Boston. 6. Life and character of Howe or of Hancock.

*General topics.*—1. Is Hawthorne's description of any character in *Twice-told Tales* distinct enough for you to recognize the character if you should meet him or her? 2. Poe said of Hawthorne: "His distinctive trait is invention, creation, imagination, originality." How far is this true? Compare Hawthorne and Poe for imagination and originality. 3. Write eight paragraphs, giving in each the substance of a different one of the *Twice-told Tales* in *exactly* one hundred words. 4. The element of mystery in *Twice-told Tales*. 5. Write a topic sentence on the traces of humor in Hawthorne's stories, and develop this topic sentence by the methods of repetition, illustration by example, and comparison. 6. Hawthorne as a moralist; tell the moral of those of his stories that seem to you to have a moral. 7. Tell the substance of "The Ambitious Guest," "Endicott and the Red Cross," "Night Sketches," "The Threefold Destiny," "The Shaker Bridal," "Edward Randolph's Portrait," "The Gentle Boy," "The Maypole of Merry Mount," "The Great Carbuncle," "The Wedding Knell," and "The Gray Champion." 8. Show the connection of the following with the stories mentioned in topic 7: the Notch, John Endicott, the Marine Insurance Office, Ralph Cranfield, Father Ephraim, Edward Randolph, Ibrahim, Peter Palfrey, Master Ichabod Pignort, Mr. Ellenwood, and Sir Edmund Andros. 9. Show the connection of the following with Hawthorne's stories printed in this volume: Elinor, Lady Eleanor Rochcliffe, Podagra, Walter Ludlow, Parker's Falls, Governor Hancock. 10. Develop these topic sentences by appropriate methods:—

a. Hawthorne's sentence and paragraph sequence is admirable. (See Index to Notes.)

b. Hawthorne's figures of speech, while not numerous, are nearly always useful in making his meaning clearer or more pleasing. (See Index to Notes.)

c. The titles of Hawthorne's stories are, on the whole, well chosen.

d. The especial charm of Hawthorne's style is due to his delicate humor, his felicitous phrasing, and his skilful diction.

e. Hawthorne's most interesting short story is *Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe*.

f. It is not difficult to account for the vein of gloomy Puritanism that runs through Hawthorne's works.

g. From a study of Hawthorne's portrait, one may easily distinguish several of the most striking characteristics of this author.

h. A good idea of Hawthorne's skill in the use of words may be gained from a study of the diction of *Twice-told Tales*. (See Index to Notes, p. 195.)

i. Hawthorne deserves his place as one of the twenty-nine Americans in the Hall of Fame.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

Hawthorne's complete works are published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Volume I. of *Twice-told Tales* first appeared in 1837. This volume was reprinted, together with a second volume, in 1842. Nearly all of the tales had previously appeared in various magazines. For example, "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe" was first printed in the *New England Magazine*, December, 1834; "Howe's Masquerade" in the *United States Magazine and Democratic Review*, May, 1838; "Lady Eleanore's Mantle" and "Old Esther Dudley" in the same periodical, December, 1838, and January, 1839.

The following is a chronological list of Hawthorne's works mentioned in the biographical sketch: *Fanshawe* (1828), *Twice-told Tales* (1837), *Grandfather's Chair* (1841), *Famous Old People* (1841), *Biographical Stories for Children* (1842), *Historical Tales for Youth* (1842), *Mosses from an Old Manse* (1846), *The Scarlet Letter* (1850), *The House of the Seven Gables* (1851), *True Stories from History and Biography* (1851), *The Snow Image and Other Twice-told Tales* (1852), *The Blithedale Romance* (1852), *A Wonder Book* (1852), *Life of Franklin Pierce* (1852), *Tanglewood Tales* (1853), *The Marble Faun* (1860), and *Our Old Home* (1863). In preparing such a list as this, valuable books for consultation are H. S. Stone's *First Editions of American Authors*, Cambridge, 1893; P. K. Foley's *American Authors, 1795-1895*, a bibliography of first and notable editions chronologically arranged with notes, Boston, 1897; and the catalogue of the Arnold sale of *First Editions of American authors*, Jamaica, N. Y., 1901.

The titles of the three most important biographies of Hawthorne are mentioned in the Prefatory Note. In addition to these three, the following shorter sketches may be found of use: F. V. N.

Painter's *Introduction to American Literature*, pp. 181-193; C. F. Johnson's *Outline History of English and American Literature*, pp. 515-520; J. S. Clark's *A Study of English Prose Writers*, pp. 725-767; and D. G. Mitchell's *American Lands and Letters* (Leather-Stocking to Poe's "Raven"), pp. 202-271. This last sketch is particularly charming. The illustrations in it are noteworthy; for instance, Hawthorne's birthplace, view on the shores of Sebago Lake, Horatio Bridge, the Old Manse at Concord, the Custom-house at Salem, the Wayside, and Hawthorne's grave at Sleepy Hollow. A slight biographical work edited by S. T. Pickard and entitled *Hawthorne's First Diary*, the authenticity of which is disputed, is interesting to the student of *Twice-told Tales* mainly because there is mentioned in it a certain peddler "Dominicus" Jordan. A book containing numerous bright and animated details of Hawthorne's life is *Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, by Horatio Bridge, paymaster-general, U. S. Navy (retired). In the series of Beacon Biographies there is a good sketch of Hawthorne by Anne Fields. Finally, a booklet of 128 pages, by J. T. Fields, entitled *Nathaniel Hawthorne*, is made up principally of this publisher's own recollections of Hawthorne. Pages 41-42 give some delightful anecdotes illustrating Hawthorne's humorous side.

For articles regarding the style of Hawthorne, the student may consult any good history of American literature. In looking up monographs on the subject, one of course finds Poole's index invaluable. It is thought by the editor that for practical purposes sufficient information concerning the style of Hawthorne is given in the Appreciations and in the Notes; anything further would better be worked out by the student himself.

**DAVID SWAN**



# TWICE-TOLD TALES



## DAVID SWAN

### A FANTASY

WE can be but partially acquainted even with the events which actually influence our course through life, and our final destiny. There are innumerable other events — if such they may be called — which come close upon us, yet pass away without actual results, or even betraying their near 5 approach, by the reflection of any light or shadow across our minds. Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity. This idea<sup>o</sup> may be illustrated by a page from the secret 10 history of David Swan.

We have nothing to do with David<sup>o</sup> until we find him, at the age of twenty, on the high road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it 15 enough to say, that he was a native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education, with a classic finish by a year at Gilmanton Academy. After journeying<sup>o</sup> on foot, from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day,<sup>o</sup> his weariness and the increasing 20

heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade, and await the coming up of the stage-coach.<sup>o</sup> As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a  
5 fresh bubbling spring that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons,<sup>o</sup> tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief.<sup>o</sup> The  
10 sunbeams could not reach him ; the dust did not yet rise from the road after the heavy rain of yesterday ; and his grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him ; the branches waved dreamily<sup>o</sup> across the blue sky overhead ; and a deep  
15 sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.

While he lay sound asleep<sup>o</sup> in the shade, other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro, afoot, on horseback, and  
20 in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bed-chamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor the left, and knew not that he was there ; some merely glanced that way, without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts ; some laughed to see how soundly he slept ;  
25 and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous superfluity on David Swan. A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and  
30 wrought poor David into the texture of his evening's discourse, as an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the roadside. But censure, praise,<sup>o</sup> merriment, scorn, and indifference were all one, or rather all nothing, to David Swan.

He had slept° only a few moments when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowled° easily along, and was brought to a stand-still nearly in front of David's resting-place. A linchpin had fallen out, and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight, and 5 occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston in the carriage. While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple trees,° and there espied the bubbling fountain, and 10 David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe° which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout° would allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown, lest David should start up all of a sudden. 15

"How soundly he sleeps!" whispered the old gentleman. "From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that, brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would suppose health and an untroubled mind." 20

"And youth, besides," said the lady. "Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like his than our wakefulness."

The longer they looked the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth, to whom the wayside 25 and the maple shade were as a secret chamber, with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down upon his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside, so as to intercept it. And having done this little act of kindness, she began 30 to feel° like a mother to him.

"Providence seems to have laid him here," whispered she to her husband, "and to have brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son." Methinks I

can see a likeness° to our departed Henry. Shall we waken him?"

"To what purpose?" said the merchant, hesitating.

"We know nothing of the youth's character."

5 "That open countenance!"° replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. "This innocent sleep!"

While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest. Yet Fortune° was bend-  
10 ing over him, just ready to let fall a burden of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son,° and had no heir to his wealth except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases, people sometimes do stranger things  
than to act the magician, and awaken a young man to splendor  
15 who fell asleep in poverty.

"Shall we not waken him?" repeated the lady, persuasively.°

"The coach is ready, sir," said the servant, behind.

The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away,  
20 mutually wondering that they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so very ridiculous.° The merchant threw himself back in the carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum° for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile,° David Swan enjoyed his nap.

25 The carriage° could not have gone above a mile or two, when a pretty young girl came along, with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. Perhaps it was this merry kind of motion that caused — is there any harm in saying it? — her garter to  
30 slip its knot. Conscious that the silken girth — if silk it were — was relaxing its hold, she turned aside into the shelter of the maple trees, and there found a young man asleep by the spring! Blushing, as red as any rose, that she should have intruded into a gentleman's bedchamber, and for such a

purpose, too, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But there was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead — buzz, buzz, buzz — now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is sometimes deadly. As free-hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture ! This good deed accomplished, with quickened breath, and a deeper blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air. 5

“He is handsome !” thought she, and blushed redder yet.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him, that, shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder, and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms ? Why, at least, did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face ? She was come, the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires, he yearned to meet. Her, only, could he love with a perfect love ; him, only, could she receive into the depths of her heart ; and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain, by his side ; should it pass away, its happy lustre would never gleam upon his life again. 15 20 25

“How sound he sleeps !” murmured the girl.

She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly° as when she came.

Now, this girl’s father was a thriving country merchant in the neighborhood, and happened, at that identical time, to be looking out for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a wayside acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father’s clerk, and all else in natural 30

succession. So here, again, had good fortune — the best of fortunes — stolen so near that her garments brushed against him ; and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight,<sup>o</sup> when two men turned  
5 aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off  
by cloth caps, which were drawn down aslant<sup>o</sup> over their  
brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smart-  
ness. These were a couple of rascals, who got their living  
by whatever the devil sent them, and now, in the interim of  
10 other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece  
of villany on a game of cards, which was to have been decided  
here under the trees. But, finding David asleep by the spring,  
one of the rogues whispered to his fellow, —

“Hist ! — Do you see that bundle under his head ?”

15 The other villain nodded, winked,<sup>o</sup> and leered.

“I’ll bet you a horn of brandy,” said the first, “that the  
chap has either a pocket-book, or a snug little hoard of small  
change, stowed away amongst his shirts. And if not there,  
we shall find it in his pantaloons pocket.”

20 “But how if he wakes ?” said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the  
handle<sup>o</sup> of a dirk, and nodded.

“So be it !” muttered the second villain.

They approached the unconscious David, and, while one  
25 pointed the dagger towards his heart, the other began to  
search the bundle beneath his head. Their two faces, grim,  
wrinkled, and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their  
victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends,  
should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced  
30 aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known  
themselves, as reflected there. But David Swan had never  
worn a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his  
mother’s breast.

“I must take away the bundle,” whispered one.

"If he stirs, I'll strike," muttered the other.

But, at this moment, a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple trees, and gazed alternately at each of these wicked men, and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain. 5

"Pshaw!"<sup>o</sup> said one villain. "We can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind."

"Let's take a drink and be off," said the other.

The man with the dagger thrust back the weapon into his bosom, and drew forth a pocket-pistol, but not of that 10 kind which kills by a single discharge.<sup>o</sup> It was a flask of liquor, with a block-tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram, and left the spot, with so many jests, and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their 15 way rejoicing.<sup>o</sup> In a few hours, they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls,<sup>o</sup> in letters as durable as eternity. As for David Swan, he still slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when 20 it hung over him, nor of the glow of renewed life when that shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched, from his elastic frame, the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now, he 25 stirred — now, moved his lips, without a sound — now, talked, in an inward tone, to the noonday spectres of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist<sup>o</sup> of David's slumber — and there was the stage-coach. 30 He started up, with all his ideas about him.

"Halloo, driver! — Take a passenger?" shouted he.

"Room on top!" answered the driver.

Up mounted David,<sup>o</sup> and bowled away merrily towards

Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dreamlike vicissitude. He knew not that a phantom of Wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters — nor that one of Love had sighed softly to their murmur — nor  
5 that one of Death had threatened to crimson them with his blood — all, in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking,<sup>o</sup> we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a  
superintending Providence that, while viewless and unex-  
10 pected events thrust themselves continually athwart our path, there should still be regularity enough in mortal life, to render foresight even partially available?

# **SIGHTS FROM A STEEPLE**



## SIGHTS FROM A STEEPLE

So ! I have climbed high, and my reward is small.° Here I stand, with wearied knees, earth, indeed, at a dizzy depth below, but heaven far, far beyond me still. Oh that I could soar up into the very zenith, where man never breathed, nor eagle ever flew, and where the ethereal azure melts away 5 from the eye, and appears only a deepened shade of nothingness ! And yet I shiver at that cold and solitary thought. What clouds are gathering in the golden west, with direful intent against the brightness and the warmth of this summer afternoon ! They are ponderous air ships,° black as 10 death, and freighted with the tempest ; and at intervals their thunder, the signal guns of that unearthly squadron, rolls distant along the deep of heaven. These nearer heaps of fleecy vapor — methinks I could roll and toss upon them the whole day long ! — seem scattered here and there, for 15 the repose of tired pilgrims through the sky. Perhaps — for who can tell ? — beautiful spirits are disporting themselves there, and will bless my mortal eye with the brief appearance of their curly locks of golden light, and laughing faces, fair and faint as the people of a rosy dream. Or, 20 where the floating mass so imperfectly obstructs the color of the firmament, a slender foot and fairy limb, resting too heavily upon the frail support, may be thrust through, and suddenly withdrawn, while longing fancy follows them in vain. Yonder again is an airy archipelago, where the sun- 25 beams love to linger in their journeyings through space.

Every one of those little clouds has been dipped and steeped in radiance, which the slightest pressure might disengage in silvery profusion, like water wrung from a sea-maid's hair. Bright they are as a young man's visions,<sup>o</sup> and, like them, 5 would be realized in chillness, obscurity, and tears. I will look on them no more.

In three parts<sup>o</sup> of the visible circle whose centre is this spire, I discern cultivated fields, villages, white country seats, the waving lines of rivulets, little placid lakes, and 10 here and there a rising ground, that would fain be termed a hill. On the fourth side is the sea, stretching away towards a viewless boundary, blue and calm, except where the passing anger<sup>o</sup> of a shadow flits across its surface, and is gone. Hitherward, a broad inlet penetrates far into the land ; on 15 the verge of the harbor, formed by its extremity, is a town ; and over it am I, a watchman, all-heeding and unheeded. Oh that the multitude of chimneys could speak, like those of Madrid,<sup>o</sup> and betray, in smoky whispers, the secrets of all who, since their first foundation, have assembled at the 20 hearths within ! Oh that the Limping Devil of Le Sage would perch beside me here, extend his wand over this contiguity of roofs, uncover every chamber, and make me familiar with their inhabitants ! The most desirable mode of existence might be that of a spiritualized Paul Pry,<sup>o</sup> hovering invisible round man and woman, witnessing their 25 deeds, searching into their hearts, borrowing brightness from their felicity and shade from their sorrow, and retaining no emotion peculiar to himself. But none of these things are possible ; and if I would know the interior of brick walls, 30 or the mystery of human bosoms, I can but guess.

Yonder is a fair street, extending north and south. The stately mansions are placed each on its carpet of verdant grass, and a long flight of steps descends from every door to the pavement. Ornamental trees — the broad-leafed horse-

chestnut, the elm so lofty and bending, the graceful but infrequent willow, and others whereof I know not the names — grow thrivingly among brick and stone. The oblique rays of the sun are intercepted by these green citizens,<sup>o</sup> and by the houses, so that one side of the street is a shaded and 5 pleasant walk. On its whole extent there is now but a single passenger,<sup>o</sup> advancing from the upper end ; and he, unless distance and the medium of a pocket spyglass<sup>o</sup> do him more than justice, is a fine young man of twenty. He saunters slowly forward, slapping his left hand with his 10 folded gloves, bending his eyes upon the pavement, and sometimes raising them to throw a glance before him. Certainly, he has a pensive air. Is he in doubt, or in debt? Is he, if the question be allowable, in love? Does he strive to be melancholy and gentleman-like? Or, is he merely 15 overcome by the heat? But I bid him farewell for the present.<sup>o</sup> The door of one of the houses — an aristocratic edifice, with curtains of purple and gold waving from the windows, is now opened, and down the steps come two ladies, swinging their parasols, and lightly arrayed for a 20 summer ramble.<sup>o</sup> Both are young, both are pretty, but methinks the left-hand lass is the fairer of the twain ; and, though she be so serious at this moment, I could swear that there is a treasure of gentle fun within her. They stand talking a little while upon the steps, and finally proceed up 25 the street. Meantime, as their faces are now turned from me, I may look elsewhere.<sup>o</sup>

Upon that wharf, and down the corresponding street, is a busy contrast to the quiet scene<sup>o</sup> which I have just noticed. Business evidently has its centre there, and many a man is 30 wasting the summer afternoon in labor and anxiety, in losing riches or in gaining them, when he would be wiser to flee away to some pleasant country village, or shaded lake in the forest, or wild and cool sea-beach. I see vessels un-

lading at the wharf, and precious merchandise strewn upon the ground, abundantly as at the bottom of the sea, that market whence no goods return, and where there is no captain nor supercargo to render an account of sales. Here, 5 the clerks are diligent with their paper and pencils, and sailors ply the block and tackle that hang over the hold, accompanying their toil with cries, long drawn and roughly melodious,<sup>o</sup> till the bales and puncheons ascend to upper air. At a little distance, a group of gentlemen are assembled 10 round the door of a warehouse. Grave seniors be they, and I would wager — if it were safe in these times to be responsible for any one — that the least eminent among them might vie with old Vincentio, that incomparable trafficker of Pisa.<sup>o</sup> I can even select the wealthiest of the 15 company. It is the elderly personage, in somewhat rusty black, with powdered hair, the superfluous whiteness of which is visible upon the cape of his coat. His twenty ships<sup>o</sup> are wafted on some of their many courses by every breeze that blows, and his name — I will venture to say, 20 though I know it not — is a familiar sound among the far separated merchants of Europe and the Indies.

But I bestow too much of my attention in this quarter. On looking again to the long and shady walk, I perceive that the two fair girls have encountered the young man. 25 After a sort of shyness in the recognition, he turns back with them. Moreover, he has sanctioned my taste in regard to his companions by placing himself on the inner side of the pavement, nearest the Venus to whom I — enacting, on a steeple top, the part of Paris on the top of Ida<sup>o</sup> — adjudged 30 the golden apple.

In two streets, converging at right angles towards my watchtower, I distinguish three different processions.<sup>o</sup> One is a proud array of voluntary soldiers, in bright uniform, resembling, from the height whence I look down, the

painted veterans that garrison the windows of a toyshop. And yet, it stirs my heart ; their regular advance, their nodding plumes, the sunflash on their bayonets and musket barrels, the roll of their drums ascending past me, and the fife ever and anon piercing through — these things have 5 wakened a warlike fire, peaceful though I be.° Close to their rear marches a battalion of school-boys, ranged in crooked and irregular platoons, shouldering sticks, thumping a harsh and unripe clatter from an instrument of tin, and ridiculously aping the intricate manœuvres of the foremost 10 band. Nevertheless, as slight differences are scarcely perceptible from a church spire, one might be tempted to ask, “ Which are the boys ? ” — or rather, “ Which the men ? ” But, leaving these,° let us turn to the third procession, which, though sadder in outward show, may excite identical reflec- 15 tions in the thoughtful mind. It is a funeral. A hearse, drawn by a black and bony steed,° and covered by a dusty pall ; two or three coaches rumbling over the stones, their drivers half asleep ; a dozen couple of careless mourners in their every-day attire ; such was not the fashion of our fathers, 20 when they carried a friend to his grave. There is now no doleful clang of the bell to proclaim sorrow to the town. Was the King of Terrors° more awful in those days than in our own, that wisdom and philosophy have been able to produce this change ? Not so. Here is a proof° that he retains 25 his proper majesty. The military men and the military boys are wheeling round the corner, and meet the funeral full in the face. Immediately the drum is silent, all but the tap that regulates each simultaneous footfall. The soldiers yield the path to the dusty hearse and unpretending train, and 30 the children quit their ranks, and cluster on the sidewalks, with timorous and instinctive curiosity. The mourners enter the churchyard at the base of the steeple, and pause by an open grave among the burial stones ; the lightning glimmers°

on them as they lower down the coffin,<sup>o</sup> and the thunder rattles heavily while they throw the earth upon its lid. Verily, the shower is near, and I tremble for the young man and the girls, who have now disappeared from the long and  
5 shady street.

How various<sup>o</sup> are the situations of the people covered by the roofs beneath me, and how diversified are the events at this moment befalling them ! The new born, the aged, the dying, the strong in life, and the recent dead, are in the  
10 chambers of these many mansions. The full of hope, the happy, the miserable, and the desperate, dwell together within the circle<sup>o</sup> of my glance. In some of the houses over which my eyes roam so coldly, guilt is entering into hearts that are still tenanted by a debased and trodden virtue, —  
15 guilt is on the very edge of commission, and the impending deed might be averted ; guilt is done, and the criminal wonders if it be irrevocable. There are broad thoughts struggling in my mind, and, were I able to give them distinctness, they would make their way in eloquence. Lo ! the rain-  
20 drops are descending.

The clouds, within a little time, have gathered over all the sky, hanging heavily, as if about to drop in one unbroken mass upon the earth. At intervals, the lightning flashes from their brooding hearts,<sup>o</sup> quivers, disappears, and then  
25 comes the thunder, travelling slowly after its twin-born flame.<sup>o</sup> A strong wind has sprung up, howls<sup>o</sup> through the darkened streets, and raises the dust in dense bodies, to rebel against the approaching storm. The disbanded soldiers fly, the funeral has already vanished like its dead, and all peo-  
30 ple hurry homeward — all that have a home ;<sup>o</sup> while a few lounge by the corners, or trudge on desperately, at their leisure. In a narrow lane, which communicates with the shady street, I discern the rich old merchant,<sup>o</sup> putting himself to the top of his speed, lest the rain should convert his

hair powder<sup>o</sup> to a paste. Unhappy gentleman! By the slow vehemence and painful moderation wherewith he journeys, it is but too evident that Podagra<sup>o</sup> has left its thrilling tenderness in his great toe. But yonder, at a far more rapid pace, come three other of my acquaintance,<sup>o</sup> the two 5 pretty girls and the young man, unseasonably interrupted in their walk. Their footsteps are supported by the risen dust, — the wind lends them its velocity, — they fly like three sea-birds<sup>o</sup> driven landward by the tempestuous breeze. The ladies would not thus rival Atalanta if they but knew that 10 any one were at leisure to observe them.<sup>o</sup> Ah! as they hasten onward, laughing in the angry face of nature, a sudden catastrophe has chanced. At the corner where the narrow lane enters into the street, they come plump against the old merchant, whose tortoise motion has just brought him 15 to that point. He likes not the sweet encounter; the darkness of the whole air gathers speedily upon his visage, and there is a pause on both sides. Finally, he thrusts aside the youth with little courtesy, seizes an arm of each of the two girls, and plods onward, like a magician with a prize of 20 captive fairies. All this is easy to be understood. How disconsolate the poor lover<sup>o</sup> stands! regardless of the rain that threatens an exceeding damage to his well-fashioned habiliments,<sup>o</sup> till he catches a backward glance of mirth from a bright eye, and turns away with whatever comfort 25 it conveys.

The old man<sup>o</sup> and his daughters are safely housed, and now the storm lets loose its fury. In every dwelling I perceive the faces of the chambermaids as they shut down the windows, excluding the impetuous shower, and shrinking 30 away from the quick fiery glare. The large drops descend with force upon the slated roofs, and rise again in smoke. There is a rush and roar, as of a river through the air, and muddy streams bubble majestically along the pavement,

whirl their dusky foam into the kennel, and disappear beneath iron grates. Thus did Arethusa sink. I love not my station here aloft, in the midst of the tumult which I am powerless to direct or quell, with the blue lightning wrinkling on my 5 brow, and the thunder muttering its first awful syllables in my ear. I will descend. Yet let me give another glance to the sea, where the foam breaks out in long white lines upon a broad expanse of blackness, or boils up in far distant points, like snowy mountain tops in the eddies of a flood ; 10 and let me look once more at the green plain, and little hills of the country, over which the giant of the storm is striding in robes of mist, and at the town, whose obscured and desolate streets might beseech a city of the dead ; and turning a single moment to the sky, now gloomy as an author's prospects,<sup>o</sup> I prepare to resume my station on lower earth. But stay ! A little speck of azure has widened in the western heavens ; the sunbeams find a passage, and go rejoicing through the tempest ; and on yonder darkest cloud, born, like hallowed hopes, of the glory of another world and the trouble 20 and tears of this, brightens forth the Rainbow !<sup>o</sup>

# THE PROPHEPIC PICTURES



## THE PROPHEPIC PICTURES<sup>1</sup>

"BUT this painter!"<sup>o</sup> cried Walter Ludlow, with animation. "He not only excels in his peculiar art, but possesses vast acquirements in all other learning and science. He talks Hebrew with Dr. Mather, and gives lectures in anatomy to Dr. Boylston. In a word, he will meet the best instructed 5 man among us, on his own ground. Moreover, he is a polished gentleman—a citizen of the world—yes, a true cosmopolite; for he will speak like a native of each clime and country on the globe except our own forests, whither he is now going. Nor is all this what I most admire in him." 10

"Indeed!" said Elinor, who had listened with a woman's interest to the description of such a man. "Yet this is admirable enough."

"Surely it is," replied her lover, "but far less so than his natural gift of adapting himself to every variety of character, insomuch that all men—and all women too, Elinor—shall find a mirror of themselves in this wonderful painter. But the greatest wonder is yet to be told."

"Nay, if he have more wonderful attributes than these," said Elinor, laughing, "Boston<sup>o</sup> is a perilous abode for the 20 poor gentleman. Are you telling me of a painter, or a wizard?"

<sup>1</sup> This story was suggested by an anecdote of Stuart,<sup>o</sup> related in Dunlap's *History of the Arts of Design*,—a most entertaining book to the general reader, and a deeply interesting one, we should think, to the artist.

"In truth," answered he, "that question might be asked much more seriously than you suppose. They say that he paints not merely a man's features, but his mind and heart. He catches the secret sentiments and passions, and throws  
5 them upon the canvas, like sunshine — or perhaps, in the portraits of dark-souled men, like a gleam of infernal fire. It is an awful gift," added Walter, lowering his voice from its tone of enthusiasm. "I shall be almost afraid to sit to him."

10 "Walter, are you in earnest?" exclaimed Elinor.

"For Heaven's sake, dearest Elinor, do not let him paint the look which you now wear," said her lover, smiling, though rather perplexed. "There: it is passing away now, but when you spoke you seemed frightened to death, and  
15 very sad besides. What were you thinking of?"

"Nothing, nothing," answered Elinor, hastily. "You paint my face with your own fantasies. Well, come for me to-morrow, and we will visit this wonderful artist."

But when the young man had departed, it cannot be  
20 denied that a remarkable expression was again visible on the fair and youthful face of his mistress. It was a sad and anxious look, little in accordance with what should have been the feelings of a maiden on the eve of wedlock. Yet Walter Ludlow was the chosen of her heart.

25 "A look!" said Elinor to herself. "No wonder that it startled him, if it expressed what I sometimes feel. I know, by my own experience, how frightful a look may be. But it was all fancy. I thought nothing of it at the time — I have seen nothing of it since — I did but dream it."

30 And she busied herself about the embroidery of a ruff, in which she meant that her portrait should be taken.

The painter of whom they had been speaking was not one of those native artists who, at a later period than this,<sup>o</sup> borrowed their colors from the Indians, and manufactured

their pencils of the furs of wild beasts. Perhaps, if he could have revoked his life and prearranged his destiny, he might have chosen to belong to that school without a master, in the hope of being at least original, since there were no works of art to imitate nor rules to follow. But he had 5 been born and educated in Europe. People said that he had studied the grandeur or beauty of conception, and every touch of the master hand, in all the most famous pictures, in cabinets and galleries, and on the walls of churches, till there was nothing more for his powerful mind to learn. 10 Art could add nothing to its lessons, but Nature might. He had therefore visited a world whither none of his professional brethren had preceded him, to feast his eyes on visible images that were noble and picturesque, yet had never been transferred to canvas. America was too poor to afford other 15 temptations to an artist of eminence, though many of the colonial gentry, on the painter's arrival, had expressed a wish to transmit their lineaments to posterity by means of his skill. Whenever such proposals were made, he fixed his piercing eyes on the applicant, and seemed to look him 20 through and through. If he beheld only a sleek and comfortable visage, though there were a gold-laced coat to adorn the picture and golden guineas to pay for it, he civilly rejected the task and the reward. But if the face were the index of anything uncommon, in thought, sentiment, or experience ; 25 or if he met a beggar in the street, with a white beard and a furrowed brow ; or if sometimes a child happened to look up and smile, he would exhaust all the art on them that he denied to wealth.

Pictorial skill being so rare in the colonies,° the painter & became an object of general curiosity. If few or none could appreciate the technical merit of his productions, yet there were points in regard to which the opinion of the crowd was as valuable as the refined judgment of the amateur.

He watched the effect that each picture produced on such untutored beholders, and derived profit from their remarks, while they would as soon have thought of instructing Nature herself as him who seemed to rival her. Their admiration, 5 it must be owned, was tinged with the prejudices of the age and country. Some deemed it an offence against the Mosaic law, and even a presumptuous mockery of the Creator, to bring into existence such lively images of his creatures. Others, frightened at the art which could raise 10 phantoms at will, and keep the form of the dead among the living, were inclined to consider the painter as a magician, or perhaps the famous Black Man of old witch times, plotting mischief in a new guise. These foolish fancies were more than half believed among the mob. Even in superior 15 circles, his character was invested with a vague awe, partly rising like smoke wreaths from the popular superstitions, but chiefly caused by the varied knowledge and talents which he made subservient to his profession.

Being on the eve of marriage,<sup>o</sup> Walter Ludlow and Elinor 20 were eager to obtain their portraits, as the first of what, they doubtless hoped, would be a long series of family pictures. The day after the conversation above recorded, they visited the painter's rooms. A servant ushered them into an apartment, where, though the artist himself was not 25 visible, there were personages whom they could hardly forbear greeting with reverence. They knew, indeed, that the whole assembly were but pictures, yet felt it impossible to separate the idea of life and intellect from such striking counterfeits. Several of the portraits were known to them, 30 either as distinguished characters of the day, or their private acquaintances. There was Governor Burnett,<sup>o</sup> looking as if he had just received an undutiful communication from the House of Representatives, and were inditing a most sharp response. Mr. Cooke hung beside the ruler whom he op-

posed, sturdy, and somewhat puritanical, as befitted a popular leader. The ancient lady of Sir William Phipps eyed them from the wall, in ruff and farthingale, — an imperious old dame, not unsuspected of witchcraft. John Winslow,<sup>o</sup> then a very young man, wore the expression of warlike 5 enterprise, which long afterwards made him a distinguished general. Their personal friends were recognized at a glance. In most of the pictures, the whole mind and character were brought out on the countenance, and concentrated into a single look, so that, to speak paradoxically, the originals 10 hardly resembled themselves so strikingly as the portraits did.

Among these modern worthies, there were two old bearded Saints,<sup>o</sup> who had almost vanished into the darkening canvas. There was also a pale, but unfaded Madonna, who had per- 15 haps been worshipped in Rome, and now regarded the lovers with such a mild and holy look that they longed to worship too.

“How singular a thought,” observed Walter Ludlow, “that this beautiful face has been beautiful for above two 20 hundred years! Oh, if all beauty would endure so well! Do you not envy her, Elinor?”

“If earth were heaven, I might,” she replied. “But where all things fade, how miserable to be the one that could not fade!” 25

“This dark old St. Peter has a fierce and ugly scowl, saint though he be,” continued Walter. “He troubles me. But the Virgin looks kindly at us.”

“Yes; but very sorrowfully,<sup>o</sup> methinks,” said Elinor.

The easel stood beneath these three old pictures, sustain- 30 ing one that had been recently commenced. After a little inspection, they began to recognize the features of their own minister, the Rev. Dr. Colman,<sup>o</sup> growing into shape and life, as it were, out of a cloud.

“Kind old man!” exclaimed Elinor. “He gazes at me as if he were about to utter a word of paternal advice.”

“And at me,” said Walter, “as if he were about to shake his head and rebuke me for some suspected iniquity. But 5 so does the original. I shall never feel quite comfortable under his eye till we stand before him to be married.”

They now heard a footstep on the floor, and turning, beheld the painter, who had been some moments in the room, and had listened to a few of their remarks. He was a 10 middle-aged man, with a countenance well worthy of his own pencil. Indeed, by the picturesque,<sup>o</sup> though careless arrangement of his rich dress, and, perhaps, because his soul dwelt always among painted shapes, he looked somewhat like a portrait himself. His visitors were sensible of a kin- 15 dred between the artist and his works, and felt as if one of the pictures had stepped from the canvas to salute them.

Walter Ludlow, who was slightly known to the painter, explained the object of their visit. While he spoke, a sun- beam was falling athwart his figure and Elinor’s, with so 20 happy an effect that they also seemed living pictures of youth and beauty, gladdened by bright fortune. The artist was evidently struck.

“My easel is occupied for several ensuing days, and my stay in Boston must be brief,” said he, thoughtfully; then, 25 after an observant glance, he added: “but your wishes shall be gratified, though I disappoint the Chief Justice and Madame Oliver. I must not lose this opportunity, for the sake of painting a few ells of broadcloth and brocade.”

The painter expressed a desire to introduce both their 30 portraits into one picture, and represent them engaged in some appropriate action. This plan would have delighted the lovers but was necessarily rejected, because so large a space of canvas would have been unfit for the room which it was intended to decorate. Two half-length portraits were

therefore fixed upon. After they had taken leave, Walter Ludlow asked Elinor, with a smile, whether she knew what an influence over their fates the painter was about to acquire.

"The old women of Boston affirm," continued he, "that after he has once got possession of a person's face and figure, 5 he may paint him in any act or situation whatever — and the picture will be prophetic.<sup>o</sup> Do you believe it?"

"Not quite," said Elinor, smiling. "Yet if he has such magic, there is something so gentle in his manner that I am sure he will use it well." 10

It was the painter's choice to proceed with both the portraits at the same time, assigning as a reason, in the mystical language which he sometimes used, that the faces threw light upon each other. Accordingly, he gave now a touch to Walter, and now to Elinor, and the features of one and 15 the other began to start forth so vividly that it appeared as if his triumphant art would actually disengage them from the canvas. Amid the rich light and deep shade, they beheld their phantom selves. But, though the likeness promised to be perfect, they were not quite satisfied with 20 the expression; it seemed more vague than in most of the painter's works. He, however, was satisfied with the prospect of success, and being much interested in the lovers, employed his leisure moments, unknown to them, in making a crayon sketch of their two figures. During their sittings, 25 he engaged them in conversation, and kindled up their faces with characteristic traits, which, though continually varying, it was his purpose to combine and fix. At length he announced that at their next visit both the portraits would be ready for delivery. 30

"If my pencil will but be true to my conception, in the few last touches which I meditate," observed he, "these two pictures will be my very best performances. Seldom, indeed, has an artist such subjects."

While speaking, he still bent his penetrative eye upon them, nor withdrew it till they had reached the bottom of the stairs.

Nothing, in the whole circle of human vanities, takes  
5 stronger hold of the imagination than this affair of having  
a portrait painted. Yet why should it be so? The looking-glass, the polished globes of the andirons, the mirror-like water, and all other reflecting surfaces, continually  
10 present us with portraits, or rather ghosts, of ourselves,  
which we glance at, and straightway forget them. But we forget them only because they vanish. It is the idea of duration — of earthly immortality — that gives such a  
mysterious interest<sup>o</sup> to our own portraits. Walter and Elinor were not insensible to this feeling, and hastened to  
15 the painter's room, punctually at the appointed hour, to meet those pictured shapes which were to be their representatives with posterity. The sunshine flashed after them into the apartment, but left it somewhat gloomy as they closed the door.

20 Their eyes were immediately attracted to their portraits, which rested against the farthest wall of the room. At the first glance, through the dim light and the distance, seeing themselves in precisely their natural attitudes, and with all the air that they recognized so well, they uttered a  
25 simultaneous exclamation of delight.

"There we stand," cried Walter, enthusiastically, "fixed in sunshine forever! No dark passions can gather on our faces!"

"No," said Elinor, more calmly; "no dreary change can  
30 sadden us."

This was said while they were approaching, and had yet gained only an imperfect view of the pictures. The painter, after saluting them, busied himself at a table in completing a crayon sketch,<sup>o</sup> leaving his visitors to form their own

judgment as to his perfected labors. At intervals, he sent a glance from beneath his deep eyebrows, watching their countenances in profile, with his pencil suspended over the sketch. They had now stood some moments, each in front of the other's picture, contemplating it with entranced attention, but without uttering a word. At length, Walter stepped forward — then back — viewing Elinor's portrait in various lights, and finally spoke.

"Is there not a change?" said he, in a doubtful and meditative tone. "Yes; the perception of it grows more vivid the longer I look. It is certainly the same picture that I saw yesterday; the dress — the features — all are the same; and yet something is altered."

"Is then the picture less like than it was yesterday?" inquired the painter, now drawing near, with irrepressible interest.

"The features are perfect, Elinor," answered Walter, "and, at the first glance, the expression seemed also hers. But, I could fancy that the portrait has changed countenance, while I have been looking at it. The eyes are fixed on mine with a strangely sad and anxious expression. Nay, it is grief and terror! Is this like Elinor?"

"Compare the living face with the pictured one," said the painter.

Walter glanced sidelong at his mistress, and started. Motionless and absorbed — fascinated as it were — in contemplation of Walter's portrait, Elinor's face had assumed precisely the expression of which he had just been complaining. Had she practised for whole hours before a mirror, she could not have caught the look so successfully. Had the picture itself been a mirror, it could not have thrown back her present aspect with stronger and more melancholy truth. She appeared quite unconscious of the dialogue between the artist and her lover.

"Elinor," exclaimed Walter, in amazement, "what change has come over you?"

She did not hear him, nor desist from her fixed gaze, till he seized her hand, and thus attracted her notice; then, 5 with a sudden tremor, she looked from the picture to the face of the original.

"Do you see no change in your portrait?" asked she.

"In mine? — None!" replied Walter, examining it.

"But let me see! Yes; there is a slight change — an im- 10 provement, I think, in the picture, though none in the likeness. It has a livelier expression than yesterday, as if some bright thought were flashing from the eyes, and about to be uttered from the lips. Now that I have caught the look, it becomes very decided."

15 While he was intent on these observations, Elinor turned to the painter. She regarded him with grief and awe, and felt that he repaid her with sympathy and commiseration, though wherefore, she could but vaguely guess.

"That look!" whispered she, and shuddered. "How 20 came it there?"

"Madam," said the painter, sadly, taking her hand, and leading her apart,° "in both these pictures, I have painted what I saw. The artist — the true artist — must look beneath the exterior. It is his gift — his proudest, but often 25 a melancholy one — to see the inmost soul, and, by a power indefinable even to himself, to make it glow or darken upon the canvas, in glances that express the thought and sentiment of years. Would that I might convince myself of error in the present instance!"

30 They had now approached the table, on which were heads in chalk, hands almost as expressive as ordinary faces, ivied church towers, thatched cottages, old thunder-stricken trees, Oriental and antique costume, and all such picturesque vagaries of an artist's idle moments. Turning° them over,

with seeming carelessness, a crayon sketch of two figures was disclosed.

"If I have failed," continued he — "if your heart does not see itself reflected in your own portrait — if you have no secret cause to trust my delineation of the other — it is not yet too late to alter them. I might change the action of these figures too. But would it influence the event?" 5

He directed her notice to the sketch. A thrill ran through Elinor's frame; a shriek<sup>o</sup> was upon her lips; but she stifled it with the self-command that becomes habitual to all who hide thoughts of fear and anguish within their bosoms. Turning<sup>o</sup> from the table, she perceived that Walter had advanced near enough to have seen the sketch, though she could not determine whether it had caught his eye. 15

"We will not have the pictures altered," said she, hastily. "If mine is sad, I shall but look the gayer for the contrast."

"Be it so," answered the painter, bowing. "May your griefs be such fanciful ones that only your picture may mourn for them! For your joys — may they be true and deep, and paint themselves upon this lovely face till it quite belie my art!"

After the marriage<sup>o</sup> of Walter and Elinor, the pictures formed the two most splendid ornaments of their abode. They hung side by side, separated by a narrow panel, appearing to eye each other constantly, yet always returning the gaze of the spectator. Travelled gentlemen, who professed a knowledge of such subjects, reckoned these among the most admirable specimens of modern portraiture; while common observers compared them with the originals, feature by feature, and were rapturous in praise of the likeness. But it was on a third class — neither travelled connoisseurs nor common observers, but people of natural sensibility — that the pictures wrought their strongest effect. Such per-

sons might gaze carelessly at first, but, becoming interested, would return day after day, and study these painted faces like the pages of a mystic volume. Walter Ludlow's portrait attracted their earliest notice. In the absence of  
5 himself and his bride, they sometimes disputed as to the expression which the painter had intended to throw upon the features; all agreeing that there was a look of earnest import, though no two explained it alike. There was less diversity of opinion in regard to Elinor's picture. They  
10 differed, indeed, in their attempts to estimate the nature and depth of the gloom that dwelt upon her face, but agreed that it was gloom, and alien from the natural temperament of their youthful friend. A certain fanciful person announced, as the result of much scrutiny, that both these pictures were  
15 parts of one design, and that the melancholy strength of feeling, in Elinor's countenance, bore reference to the more vivid emotion, or, as he termed it, the wild passion, in that of Walter. Though unskilled in the art, he even began a sketch, in which the action of the two figures was to cor-  
20 respond with their mutual expression.

It was whispered among friends that day by day Elinor's face was assuming a deeper shade of pensiveness, which threatened soon to render her too true a counterpart of her melancholy picture. Walter, on the other hand, instead of  
25 acquiring the vivid look which the painter had given him on the canvas, became reserved and downcast, with no outward flashes of emotion, however it might be smouldering within. In course of time, Elinor hung a gorgeous curtain of purple silk, wrought with flowers and fringed with heavy golden  
30 tassels, before the pictures, under pretence that the dust would tarnish their hues, or the light dim them. It was enough. Her visitors felt that the massive folds of the silk must never be withdrawn, nor the portraits mentioned in her presence.

Time wore on ; and the painter came again. He had been far enough to the north to see the silver cascade of the Crystal Hills,<sup>o</sup> and to look over the vast round of cloud and forest from the summit of New England's loftiest mountain.<sup>o</sup> But he did not profane that scene by the mockery of his art. 5 He had also lain in a canoe on the bosom of Lake George, making his soul the mirror of its loveliness and grandeur, till not a picture in the Vatican was more vivid than his recollection. He had gone with the Indian hunters to Niagara, and there, again, had flung his hopeless pencil<sup>o</sup> 10 down the precipice, feeling that he could as soon paint the roar, as aught else that goes to make up the wondrous cataract. In truth, it was seldom his impulse to copy natural scenery, except as a framework for the delineations of the human form and face, instinct with thought, passion, or 15 suffering. With store of such his adventurous ramble<sup>o</sup> had enriched him : the stern dignity of Indian chiefs ; the dusky loveliness of Indian girls ; the domestic life of wigwams ; the stealthy march ; the battle beneath gloomy pine trees ; the frontier fortress with its garrison ; the anomaly of the 20 old French partisan, bred in courts, but grown gray in shaggy deserts ; such were the scenes and portraits that he had sketched. The glow of perilous moments ; flashes of wild feeling ; struggles of fierce power, — love, hate, grief, frenzy ; in a word, all the worn-out heart of the old earth 25 had been revealed to him under a new form. His portfolio<sup>o</sup> was filled with graphic illustrations of the volume of his memory, which genius would transmute into its own substance, and imbue with immortality. He felt that the deep wisdom in his art, which he had sought so far, was found. 30

But amid stern or lovely nature, in the perils of the forest or its overwhelming peacefulness, still there had been two phantoms,<sup>o</sup> the companions of his way. Like all other men around whom an engrossing purpose wreaths itself, he was

insulated from the mass of human kind. He had no aim — no pleasure — no sympathies — but what were ultimately connected with his art. Though gentle in manner and upright in intent and action, he did not possess kindly feelings ; 5 his heart was cold ; no living creature could be brought near enough to keep him warm. For these two beings, however, he had felt, in its greatest intensity, the sort of interest which always allied him to the subjects of his pencil. He had pried into their souls with his keenest insight, and pictured the result upon their features with his utmost skill, so 10 as barely to fall short of that standard° which no genius ever reached, his own severe conception. He had caught from the duskiness of the future — at least, so he fancied — a fearful secret, and had obscurely revealed it on the por- 15 traits. So much of himself — of his imagination and all other powers — had been lavished on the study of Walter and Elinor, that he almost regarded them as creations of his own, like the thousands with which he had peopled the realms of Picture. Therefore did they flit through the twi- 20 light of the woods, hover on the mist of waterfalls, look forth from the mirror of the lake, nor melt away in the noontide sun. They haunted his pictorial fancy, not as mockeries of life, nor pale goblins of the dead, but in the guise of portraits, each with the unalterable expression 25 which his magic had evoked from the caverns of the soul. He could not recross the Atlantic till he had again beheld the originals of those airy pictures.°

“ O glorious Art ! ” thus mused the enthusiastic painter as he trod the street. “ Thou art the image of the Creator’s 30 own. The innumerable forms that wander in nothingness start into being at thy beck. The dead live again. Thou recallest them to their old scenes, and givest their gray shadows the lustre of a better life, at once earthly and immortal. Thou snatchest back the fleeting moments of

History. With thee there is no Past, for at thy touch all that is great becomes forever present ; and illustrious men live through long ages, in the visible performance of the very deeds which made them what they are. O potent Art ! as thou bringest the faintly revealed Past to stand in 5 that narrow strip of sunlight which we call Now, canst thou summon the shrouded Future to meet her there ? Have I not achieved it ? Am I not thy Prophet ? ”

Thus, with a proud, yet melancholy fervor, did he almost cry aloud, as he passed through the toilsome street, among 10 people that knew not of his reveries, nor could understand nor care for them. It is not good for man to cherish a solitary ambition.<sup>o</sup> Unless there be those around him by whose example he may regulate himself, his thoughts, desires, and hopes will become extravagant, and he the semblance, per- 15 haps the reality, of a madman. Reading other bosoms with an acuteness almost preternatural, the painter failed to see the disorder of his own.

“ And this should be the house,” said he, looking up and down the front, before he knocked. “ Heaven help my 20 brains ! That picture ! Methinks it will never vanish. Whether I look at the windows or the door, there it is framed within them, painted strongly, and glowing in the richest tints — the faces of the portraits — the figures and action of the sketch ! ”

25

He knocked.

“ The Portraits ! Are they within ? ” inquired he of the domestic ; then recollecting himself — “ Your master and mis- tress ! Are they at home ? ”

“ They are, sir,” said the servant, adding, as he noticed 30 that picturesque aspect of which the painter could never divest himself, “ and the Portraits too ! ”

The guest was admitted into a parlor, communicating by a central door with an interior room<sup>o</sup> of the same size.

As the first apartment was empty, he passed to the entrance of the second, within which his eyes were greeted by those living personages, as well as their pictured representatives, who had long been the objects of so singular an interest.<sup>o</sup>  
5 He involuntarily paused on the threshold.

They had not perceived his approach. Walter and Elinor were standing before the portraits, whence the former had just flung back the rich and voluminous folds of the silken curtain, holding its golden tassel with one hand, while the other  
10 grasped that of his bride. The pictures, concealed for months, gleamed forth again in undiminished splendor, appearing to throw a sombre light across the room, rather than to be disclosed by a borrowed radiance. That of Elinor had been almost prophetic.<sup>o</sup> A pensiveness, and next a gentle sorrow,  
15 had successively dwelt upon her countenance, deepening, with the lapse of time, into a quiet anguish. A mixture of affright would now have made it the very expression of the portrait. Walter's face was moody and dull, or animated only by fitful flashes, which left a heavier darkness for their momentary illu-  
20 mination. He looked from Elinor to her portrait, and thence to his own, in the contemplation of which he finally stood absorbed.

The painter seemed to hear the step of Destiny approaching behind him, on its progress towards its victims. A  
25 strange thought darted into his mind. Was not his own the form in which that destiny had embodied itself, and he a chief agent of the coming evil<sup>o</sup> which he had foreshadowed?

Still Walter remained silent before the picture, communing with it, as with his own heart, and abandoning himself  
30 to the spell of evil influence that the painter had cast upon the features. Gradually his eyes kindled; while as Elinor watched the increasing wildness of his face, her own assumed a look of terror; and when at last he turned upon her, the resemblance of both to their portraits was complete.

“Our fate is upon us !” howled Walter. “Die !”

Drawing a knife, he sustained her, as she was sinking to the ground, and aimed it at her bosom. In the action, and in the look and attitude of each, the painter beheld the figures of his sketch.<sup>o</sup> The picture, with all its tremendous coloring, was finished. 5

“Hold, madman<sup>o</sup> !” cried he, sternly.

He had advanced from the door, and interposed himself between the wretched beings, with the same sense of power to regulate their destiny as to alter a scene upon the canvas. 10 He stood like a magician,<sup>o</sup> controlling the phantoms<sup>o</sup> which he had evoked.

“What !” muttered Walter Ludlow, as he relapsed from fierce excitement into silent gloom. “Does fate impede its own decree ?” 15

“Wretched lady !” said the painter. “Did I not warn you ?”

“You did,” replied Elinor, calmly, as her terror gave place to the quiet grief which it had disturbed. “But — I loved him !” 20

Is there not a deep moral<sup>o</sup> in the tale ? Could the result of one, or all our deeds, be shadowed forth and set before us, some would call it Fate, and hurry onward, others be swept along by their passionate desires, and none be turned aside by the PROPHEPIC PICTURES. 25



## **MR. HIGGINBOTHAM'S CATASTROPHE**



## MR. HIGGINBOTHAM'S CATASTROPHE

A YOUNG fellow, a tobacco peddler° by trade, was on his way from Morristown,° where he had dealt largely with the Deacon of the Shaker settlement,° to the village of Parker's Falls, on Salmon River. He had a neat little cart, painted green, with a box of cigars depicted on each side panel, and 5 an Indian chief, holding a pipe and a golden tobacco stalk, on the rear. The peddler drove a smart little mare, and was a young man of excellent character, keen at a bargain, but none the worse liked by the Yankees ; who, as I have heard them say,° would rather be shaved with a sharp razor than 10 a dull one. Especially was he beloved by the pretty girls along the Connecticut, whose favor he used to court by presents of the best smoking tobacco in his stock ; knowing well that the country lasses of New England are generally great performers on pipes.° Moreover, as will be seen in the course of my 15 story, the peddler was inquisitive,° and something of a tattler, always itching to hear the news and anxious to tell it again.

After an early breakfast at Morristown, the tobacco peddler, whose name was Dominicus Pike,° had travelled seven miles through a solitary piece of woods, without speaking a word 20 to anybody but himself and his little gray mare.° It being nearly seven o'clock, he was as eager to hold a morning gossip as a city shopkeeper° to read the morning paper. An opportunity seemed at hand when, after lighting a cigar with a sun-glass,° he looked up, and perceived a man coming over the 25 brow of the hill at the foot of which the peddler had stopped

his green cart. Dominicus watched him as he descended, and noticed that he carried a bundle over his shoulder on the end of a stick, and travelled with a weary, yet determined pace. He did not look as if he had started in the freshness of the morning, but had footed it° all night, and meant to do the same all day.

“Good morning, mister,” said Dominicus, when within speaking distance. “You go a pretty good jog. What’s the latest news at Parker’s Falls?”

10 The man pulled the broad brim° of a gray hat over his eyes, and answered, rather sullenly,° that he did not come from Parker’s Falls, which, as being the limit of his own day’s journey, the peddler had naturally mentioned in his inquiry.

“Well then,” rejoined Dominicus Pike, “let’s have the  
15 latest news where you did come from. I’m not particular about Parker’s Falls. Any place will answer.”°

Being thus importuned, the traveller — who was as ill looking a fellow as one would desire to meet in a solitary piece of woods° — appeared to hesitate a little, as if he was either  
20 searching his memory for news, or weighing the expediency of telling it. At last, mounting on the step of the cart, he whispered in the ear of Dominicus, though he might have shouted aloud and no other mortal would have heard him.

“I do remember° one little trifle of news,” said he. “Old  
25 Mr. Higginbotham, of Kimballton, was murdered in his orchard, at eight o’clock last night, by an Irishman and a nigger. They strung him up to the branch of a St. Michael’s pear tree, where nobody would find him till the morning.”

As soon as this horrible intelligence was communicated,  
30 the stranger betook himself to his journey again, with more speed than ever, not even turning his head when Dominicus invited him to smoke a Spanish cigar and relate all the particulars. The peddler whistled to his mare and went up the hill, pondering on the doleful fate of Mr. Higginbotham, whom

he had known in the way of trade, having sold him many a bunch of long nines, and a great deal of pigtail, lady's twist, and fig tobacco. He was rather astonished at the rapidity with which the news had spread. Kimballton was nearly sixty miles distant in a straight line; the murder had been 5 perpetrated only at eight o'clock the preceding night; yet Dominicus had heard of it at seven in the morning, when, in all probability, poor Mr. Higginbotham's own family had but just discovered his corpse, hanging on the St. Michael's pear tree. The stranger on foot must have worn seven league 10 boots° to travel at such a rate.

"Ill news flies fast, they say," thought Dominicus Pike; "but this beats railroads.° The fellow ought to be hired to go express with the President's Message."

The difficulty was solved by supposing that the narrator 15 had made a mistake of one day in the date of the occurrence; so that our friend° did not hesitate to introduce the story at every tavern and country store along the road, expending a whole bunch of Spanish wrappers among at least twenty horrified audiences. He found himself invariably the first 20 bearer of the intelligence, and was so pestered with questions that he could not avoid filling up the outline, till it became quite a respectable narrative.° He met with one piece of corroborative evidence. Mr. Higginbotham was a trader; and a former clerk of his, to whom Dominicus related the 25 facts, testified that the old gentleman was accustomed to return home through the orchard about nightfall, with the money and valuable papers of the store in his pocket. The clerk manifested but little grief at Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe, hinting, what the peddler had discovered in his 30 own dealings with him, that he was a crusty old fellow, as close as a vice.° His property would descend to a pretty niece° who was now keeping school in Kimballton.

What with telling the news for the public good, and driv-

ing bargains for his own, Dominicus was so much delayed on the road that he chose to put up at a tavern,<sup>o</sup> about five miles short of Parker's Falls. After supper, lighting one of his prime cigars, he seated himself in the bar-room, and went 5 through the story of the murder, which had grown so fast that it took him half an hour to tell. There were as many as twenty people in the room, nineteen of whom received it all for gospel. But the twentieth was an elderly farmer,<sup>o</sup> who had arrived on horseback a short time before, and was 10 now seated in a corner, smoking his pipe. When the story was concluded, he rose up very deliberately, brought his chair right in front of Dominicus, and stared him full in the face, puffing out the vilest tobacco smoke the peddler had ever smelt.

"Will you make affidavit," demanded he, in the tone of a 15 country justice taking an examination, "that old Squire Higginbotham of Kimballton was murdered in his orchard the night before last, and found hanging on his great pear tree yesterday morning?"

"I tell the story as I heard it, mister," answered Domini- 20 cus, dropping his half-burnt cigar; "I don't say that I saw the thing done. So I can't take my oath that he was murdered exactly in that way."

"But I can take mine," said the farmer, "that if Squire Higginbotham was murdered night before last, I drank a 25 glass of bitters with his ghost this morning. Being a neighbor of mine, he called me into his store, as I was riding by, and treated me, and then asked me to do a little business for him on the road. He didn't seem to know any more about his own murder than I did."

30 "Why, then, it can't be a fact!" exclaimed Dominicus Pike.

"I guess he'd have mentioned, if it was," said the old farmer; and he removed his chair back to the corner, leaving Dominicus quite down in the mouth.

Here was a sad resurrection° of old Mr. Higginbotham ! The peddler had no heart to mingle in the conversation any more, but comforted himself with a glass of gin and water, and went to bed, where all night long he dreamed of hanging on the St. Michael's pear tree. To avoid the old farmer 5 (whom he so detested that his suspension° would have pleased him better than Mr. Higginbotham's), Dominicus rose in the gray of the morning, put the little mare into the green cart, and trotted swiftly away towards Parker's Falls. The fresh breeze, the dewy road, and the pleasant summer dawn,° 10 revived his spirits, and might have encouraged him to repeat the old story had there been anybody awake to hear it. But he met neither ox team, light wagon, chaise, horseman, nor foot traveller, till, just as he crossed Salmon River, a man came trudging down to the bridge with a bundle over his 15 shoulder,° on the end of a stick.

"Good morning, mister," said the peddler, reining in his mare. "If you come from Kimballton or that neighborhood, may be you can tell me the real fact about this affair of old Mr. Higginbotham. Was the old fellow actually 20 murdered two or three nights ago, by an Irishman and a nigger?"

Dominicus had spoken in too great a hurry to observe, at first, that the stranger himself had a deep tinge of negro blood. On hearing this sudden question, the Ethiopian ap- 25 peared to change his skin, its yellow hue becoming a ghastly white, while, shaking and stammering, he thus replied:—

"No ! no ! There was no colored man ! It was an Irishman that hanged him last night, at eight o'clock. I came away at seven ! His folks° can't have looked for him in the 30 orchard yet."

Scarcely had the yellow man spoken, when he interrupted himself,° and though he seemed weary enough before, continued his journey at a pace which would have kept the ped-

dler's mare on a smart trot. Dominicus stared° after him in great perplexity. If the murder had not been committed till Tuesday night,° who was the prophet that had foretold it, in all its circumstances, on Tuesday morning? If Mr. Higginbotham's corpse were not yet discovered by his own family, how came the mulatto, at about thirty miles' distance, to know that he was hanging in the orchard, especially as he had left Kimballton before the unfortunate man was hanged at all? These ambiguous circumstances, with  
10 the stranger's surprise and terror, made Dominicus think of raising a hue and cry after him, as an accomplice in the murder; since a murder, it seemed, had really been perpetrated.

"But let the poor devil go," thought the peddler. "I don't want his black blood on my head; and hanging the  
15 nigger wouldn't unhang Mr. Higginbotham. Unhang the old gentleman! It's a sin, I know; but I should hate to have him come to life a second time,° and give me the lie!"

With these meditations,° Dominicus Pike drove into the street of Parker's Falls, which, as everybody knows, is as  
20 thriving a village as three cotton factories and a slitting mill° can make it. The machinery was not in motion, and but a few of the shop doors unbarred, when he alighted in the stable yard of the tavern, and made it his first business to order the mare four quarts of oats. His second duty, of  
25 course, was to impart Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe to the hostler.° He deemed it advisable, however, not to be too positive as to the date of the direful fact, and also to be uncertain whether it were perpetrated by an Irishman and a  
mulatto, or by the son of Erin° alone. Neither did he pro-  
30 fess to relate it on his own authority, or that of any one person; but mentioned it as a report generally diffused.

The story ran through the town like fire among girdled trees,° and became so much the universal talk that nobody could tell whence it had originated. Mr. Higginbotham was

as well known at Parker's Falls as any citizen of the place, being part owner of the slitting mill, and a considerable stockholder in the cotton factories. The inhabitants felt their own prosperity interested in his fate. Such was the excitement, that the Parker's Falls Gazette anticipated its regular day of publication, and came out with half a form° of blank paper and a column of double pica° emphasized with capitals,° and headed HORRID MURDER OF MR. HIGGINBOTHAM ! Among other dreadful details, the printed account described the mark of the cord round the dead 10 man's neck, and stated the number of thousand dollars° of which he had been robbed ; there was much pathos also about the affliction of his niece, who had gone from one fainting fit to another, ever since her uncle was found hanging on the St. Michael's pear tree with his pockets inside out. 15 The village poet likewise commemorated the young lady's grief in seventeen stanzas of a ballad.° The selectmen° held a meeting, and, in consideration of Mr. Higginbotham's claims on the town, determined to issue handbills, offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the apprehension of his 20 murderers, and the recovery of the stolen property.

Meanwhile, the whole population° of Parker's Falls, consisting of shopkeepers, mistresses of boarding-houses, factory girls, millmen, and school-boys, rushed into the street and kept up such a terrible loquacity as more than compensated 25 for the silence of the cotton machines, which refrained from their usual din out of respect to the deceased.° Had Mr. Higginbotham cared about posthumous renown, his untimely ghost would have exulted in this tumult. Our friend Dominicus, in his vanity of heart, forgot his intended pre- 30 cautions, and mounting on the town pump,° announced himself as the bearer of the authentic intelligence which had caused so wonderful a sensation. He immediately became the great man of the moment, and had just begun a new

edition of the narrative, with a voice like a field preacher,<sup>a</sup> when the mail stage<sup>o</sup> drove into the village street. It had travelled all night, and must have shifted horses at Kimballton, at three in the morning.

5 "Now we shall hear all the particulars," shouted the crowd.

The coach rumbled up to the piazza of the tavern, followed by a thousand people; for if any man had been minding his own business till then, he now left it at sixes and  
10 sevens, to hear the news. The peddler, foremost in the race, discovered two passengers, both of whom had been startled from a comfortable nap to find themselves in the centre of a mob. Every man assailing them with separate questions, all propounded at once, the couple were struck  
15 speechless, though one was a lawyer and the other a young lady.<sup>o</sup>

"Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham! Tell us the particulars about old Mr. Higginbotham!" bawled the mob.<sup>o</sup> "What is the coroner's verdict?" Are the mur-  
20 derers apprehended? Is Mr. Higginbotham's niece come out of her fainting fits? Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham!!"

The coachman said not a word, except to swear awfully at the hostler for not bringing him a fresh team of horses.  
25 The lawyer inside had generally his wits about him even when asleep; the first thing he did, after learning the cause of the excitement, was to produce a large, red pocket-book.<sup>o</sup> Meantime Dominicus Pike, being an extremely polite young man, and also suspecting that a female tongue<sup>o</sup> would tell  
30 the story as glibly as a lawyer's, had handed the lady out of the coach. She was a fine, smart girl,<sup>o</sup> now wide awake and bright as a button, and had such a sweet pretty mouth, that Dominicus would almost as lief have heard a love tale from it<sup>a</sup> as a tale of murder.

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the lawyer to the shopkeepers,<sup>o</sup> the millmen, and the factory girls, "I can assure you that some unaccountable mistake, or, more probably, a wilful falsehood, maliciously contrived to injure Mr. Higginbotham's credit, has excited this singular uproar. We <sup>5</sup> passed through Kimballton at three o'clock this morning,<sup>o</sup> and most certainly should have been informed of the murder had any been perpetrated.<sup>o</sup> But I have proof nearly as strong as Mr. Higginbotham's own oral testimony, in the negative. Here is a note relating to a suit of his in the Connecticut <sup>10</sup> courts,<sup>o</sup> which was delivered me from that gentleman himself. I find it dated at ten o'clock last evening."<sup>o</sup>

So saying, the lawyer exhibited the date and signature of the note, which irrefragably<sup>o</sup> proved, either that this perverse Mr. Higginbotham was alive when he wrote it, or — <sup>15</sup> as some deemed the more probable case, of two doubtful ones — that he was so absorbed in worldly business as to continue to transact it even after his death.<sup>o</sup> But unexpected evidence was forth-coming. The young lady, after listening to the peddler's explanation, merely seized a <sup>20</sup> moment<sup>o</sup> to smooth her gown and put her curls in order, and then appeared at the tavern door, making a modest signal to be heard.

"Good people,"<sup>o</sup> said she, "I am Mr. Higginbotham's niece."<sup>o</sup>

<sup>25</sup>

A wondering murmur passed through the crowd on beholding her so rosy and bright; that same unhappy niece, whom they had supposed, on the authority of the Parker's Falls Gazette, to be lying at death's door in a fainting fit. But some shrewd fellows had doubted, all <sup>30</sup> along, whether a young lady would be quite so desperate<sup>o</sup> at the hanging of a rich old uncle.

"You see," continued Miss Higginbotham, with a smile, "that this strange story is quite unfounded as to myself;

and I believe I may affirm it to be equally so in regard to my dear uncle Higginbotham. He has the kindness to give me a home in his house, though I contribute to my own support by teaching a school. I left Kimballton this morning to spend the vacation of commencement week<sup>o</sup> with a friend, about five miles from Parker's Falls. My generous uncle,<sup>o</sup> when he heard me on the stairs, called me to his bedside, and gave me two dollars and fifty cents, to pay my stage fare, and another dollar for my extra expenses. He then laid his pocket-book under his pillow, shook hands with me, and advised me to take some biscuit in my bag, instead of breakfasting on the road. I feel confident, therefore, that I left my beloved relative alive, and trust that I shall find him so on my return."

15 The young lady courtesied at the close of her speech, which was so sensible and well worded,<sup>o</sup> and delivered with such grace and propriety, that everybody thought her fit to be preceptress of the best academy in the State. But a stranger would have supposed that Mr. Higginbotham was  
20 an object of abhorrence at Parker's Falls, and that a thanksgiving had been proclaimed for his murder ; so excessive was the wrath<sup>o</sup> of the inhabitants on learning their mistake. The millmen resolved to bestow public honors on Dominicus Pike, only hesitating whether to tar and feather him, ride  
25 him on a rail, or refresh him with an ablution at the town pump, on the top of which he had declared himself the bearer of the news. The selectmen, by advice of the lawyer, spoke of prosecuting him for a misdemeanor,<sup>o</sup> in circulating unfounded reports to the great disturbance of the peace of  
30 the Commonwealth. Nothing saved Dominicus, either from mob law or a court of justice, but an eloquent appeal made by the young lady in his behalf. Addressing a few words of heartfelt gratitude to his benefactress, he mounted the green cart and rode out of town, under a discharge of

artillery from the school-boys, who found plenty of ammunition in the neighboring clay-pits and mud holes. As he turned his head to exchange a farewell glance with Mr. Higginbotham's niece, a ball, of the consistence of hasty pudding, hit him slap in the mouth, giving him a most grim 5 aspect. His whole person was so bespattered with the like filthy missiles, that he had almost a mind to ride back, and supplicate for the threatened ablution at the town pump ; for, though not meant in kindness, it would now have been a deed of charity.°

10

However, the sun shone bright° on poor Dominicus, and the mud, an emblem of all stains of undeserved opprobrium, was easily brushed off when dry. Being a funny rogue,° his heart soon cheered up ; nor could he refrain from a hearty 15 laugh at the uproar which his story had excited. The hand- bills of the selectmen would cause the commitment of all the vagabonds in the State ; the paragraph in the Parker's Falls Gazette would be reprinted from Maine to Florida, and perhaps form an item in the London newspapers ; and many a miser would tremble for his money bags and life, on learn- 20 ing the catastrophe of Mr. Higginbotham. The peddler meditated with much fervor on the charms of the young schoolmistress, and swore that Daniel Webster° never spoke nor looked so like an angel as Miss Higginbotham, while defending him from the wrathful populace at Parker's Falls. 25

Dominicus was now on the Kimballton turnpike,° having all along determined to visit that place, though business had drawn him out of the most direct road from Morristown. As he approached the scene of the supposed murder, he continued to revolve the circumstances in his mind, and was 30 astonished at the aspect which the whole case assumed. Had nothing occurred to corroborate the story of the first traveller, it might now have been considered as a hoax ; but the yellow man was evidently acquainted either with the report or the

fact ; and there was a mystery in his dismayed and guilty look on being abruptly questioned. When to this singular combination of incidents it was added that the rumor tallied exactly with Mr. Higginbotham's character and habits of life, and that he had an orchard, and a St. Michael's pear tree, near which he always passed at nightfall, the circumstantial evidence<sup>o</sup> appeared so strong that Dominicus doubted whether the autograph produced by the lawyer, or even the niece's direct testimony, ought to be equivalent. Making cautious inquiries along the road, the peddler further learned that Mr. Higginbotham had in his service an Irishman of doubtful character, whom he had hired without a recommendation on the score of economy.

"May I be hanged myself," exclaimed Dominicus Pike aloud, on reaching the top of a lonely hill, "if I'll believe old Higginbotham is unhanged till I see him with my own eyes, and hear it from his own mouth ! And as he's a real shaver, I'll have the minister or some other responsible man for an endorser."

It was growing dusk when he reached the toll-house on Kimballton turnpike, about a quarter of a mile from the village of this name. His little mare was fast bringing him up with a man on horseback, who trotted through the gate a few rods in advance of him, nodded to the toll-gatherer, and kept on towards the village. Dominicus was acquainted with the toll-man, and, while making change,<sup>o</sup> the usual remarks on the weather passed between them.

"I suppose," said the peddler, throwing back his whip-lash, to bring it down like a feather on the mare's flank, "you have not seen anything of old Mr. Higginbotham within a day or two?"

"Yes," answered the toll-gatherer. "He passed the gate just before you drove up, and yonder he rides now, if you can see him through the dusk.<sup>o</sup> He's been to Woodfield

this afternoon, attending a sheriff's sale there. The old man generally shakes hands and has a little chat with me ; but to-night, he nodded, — as if to say, ' Charge my toll,' and jogged on ; for wherever he goes he must always be at home by eight o'clock."°

5

" So they tell me," said Dominicus.

" I never saw a man look so yellow and thin as the squire does," continued the toll-gatherer. " Says I to myself, to-night, he's more like a ghost or an old mummy than good flesh and blood."

10

The peddler strained his eyes through the twilight, and could just discern the horseman now far ahead on the village road. He seemed to recognize the rear of Mr. Higginbotham ; but through the evening shadows, and amid the dust from the horse's feet, the figure appeared dim and unsubstantial ; 15 as if the shape of the mysterious old man° were moulded of darkness and gray light. Dominicus shivered.

" Mr. Higginbotham has come back from the other world, by way of the Kimballton turnpike," thought he.

He shook the reins and rode forward, keeping about the 20 same distance in the rear of the gray old shadow, till the latter was concealed by a bend of the road. On reaching this point, the peddler no longer saw the man on horseback, but found himself at the head of the village street not far from a number of stores, and two taverns, clustered round 25 the meeting-house steeple. On his left were a stone wall and a gate, the boundary of a wood-lot, beyond which lay an orchard, farther still, a mowing-field, and last of all, a house. These were the premises of Mr. Higginbotham,° whose dwelling stood beside the old highway, but had been left in the 30 background by the Kimballton turnpike. Dominicus knew the place ; and the little mare stopped short by instinct for he was not conscious of tightening the reins.

" For the soul of me, I cannot get by this gate !" said

he, trembling. "I never shall be my own man again, till I see whether Mr. Higginbotham is hanging on the St. Michael's pear tree!"

He leaped from the cart, gave the rein a turn round the 5 gate post, and ran along the green path of the wood-lot as if Old Nick° were chasing behind. Just then the village clock tolled eight,° and as each deep stroke fell, Dominicus gave a fresh bound and flew faster than before, till, dim in the solitary centre of the orchard, he saw the fated pear 10 tree. One great branch stretched from the old contorted trunk across the path, and threw the darkest shadow on that one spot. But something seemed to struggle beneath the branch!

The peddler had never pretended to more courage than 15 befits a man of peaceable occupation, nor could he account for his valor on this awful emergency. Certain it is, however, that he rushed forward, prostrated a sturdy Irishman with the butt end of his whip, and found—not indeed hanging on the St. Michael's pear tree, but trembling 20 beneath it, with a halter round his neck—the old, identical Mr. Higginbotham!

"Mr. Higginbotham," said Dominicus, tremulously, "you're an honest man, and I'll take your word for it. Have you been hanged, or not?"

25 If the riddle be not already guessed,° a few words will explain the simple machinery by which this "coming event"° was made to "cast its shadow before." Three men had plotted the robbery and murder of Mr. Higginbotham; two of them, successively, lost courage and fled, 30 each delaying the crime one night by their disappearance; the third was in the act of perpetration, when a champion, blindly obeying the call of fate, like the heroes of old romance, appeared in the person of Dominicus Pike.

It only remains to say, that Mr. Higginbotham took the

peddler into high favor, sanctioned his addresses to the pretty schoolmistress, and settled his whole property° on their children, allowing themselves the interest. In due time, the old gentleman capped the climax of his favors, by dying a Christian death, in bed, since which melancholy event 5 Dominicus Pike has removed from Kimballton, and established a large tobacco manufactory in my native village.°



# THE MINISTER'S BLACK VEIL



# THE MINISTER'S BLACK VEIL

## A PARABLE<sup>1</sup>

THE sexton stood in the porch of Milford meeting-house, pulling busily at the bell-rope. The old people of the village came stooping along the street. Children, with bright faces, tripped merrily beside their parents, or mimicked a graver gait, in the conscious dignity of their Sunday clothes. 5 Spruce bachelors looked sidelong at the pretty maidens, and fancied that the Sabbath sunshine made them prettier than on week days. When the throng had mostly streamed into the porch, the sexton began to toll the bell, keeping his eye on the Reverend Mr. Hooper's door. The first glimpse of 10 the clergyman's figure<sup>o</sup> was the signal for the bell to cease its sunmons.

"But what has good Parson Hooper got upon his face?" cried the sexton in astonishment.

All within hearing immediately turned about, and beheld 15 the semblance of Mr. Hooper pacing slowly his meditative way towards the meeting-house. With one accord they started, expressing more wonder than if some strange minister were coming to dust the cushions of Mr. Hooper's pulpit. 20

<sup>1</sup> Another clergyman in New England, Mr. Joseph Moody, of York, Maine, who died about eighty years since, made himself remarkable by the same eccentricity that is here related of the Reverend Mr. Hooper. In his case, however, the symbol had a different import. In early life he had accidentally killed a beloved friend; and from that day till the hour of his own death, he hid his face from men.

"Are you sure it is our parson?" inquired Goodman Gray of the sexton.

"Of a certainty it is good Mr. Hooper," replied the sexton. "He was to have exchanged pulpits with Parson 5 Shute, of Westbury; but Parson Shute sent to excuse himself yesterday, being to preach° a funeral sermon."

The cause of so much amazement may appear sufficiently slight. Mr. Hooper, a gentlemanly person, of about thirty, though still a bachelor,° was dressed with due clerical neat- 10 ness, as if a careful wife had starched his band,° and brushed the weekly dust from his Sunday's garb. There was but one thing remarkable in his appearance. Swathed about his forehead, and hanging down over his face, so low as to be shaken by his breath, Mr. Hooper had on a black veil.

15 On a nearer view, it seemed to consist of two folds of crape, which entirely concealed his features, except the mouth and chin, but probably did not intercept his sight, further than to give a darkened aspect to all living and inanimate things.

With this gloomy shade before him, good Mr. Hooper° walked 20 onward, at a slow and quiet pace, stooping somewhat, and looking on the ground, as is customary with abstracted men, yet nodding kindly to those of his parishioners who still waited on the meeting-house steps. But so wonder-struck were they that his greeting hardly met with a 25 return.

"I can't really feel as if good Mr. Hooper's face was behind that piece of crape," said the sexton.

"I don't like it," muttered an old woman, as she hobbled° into the meeting-house. "He has changed himself into 30 something awful,° only by hiding his face."

"Our parson has gone mad!"° cried Goodman Gray, following him across the threshold.

A rumor of some unaccountable phenomenon had preceded Mr. Hooper into the meeting-house, and set all the congre-

gation astir. Few could refrain from twisting their heads towards the door; many stood upright, and turned directly about; while several little boys clambered upon the seats, and came down again with a terrible racket. There was a general bustle, a rustling of the women's gowns and shuffling of the men's feet, greatly at variance with that hushed repose which should attend the entrance of the minister. But Mr. Hooper appeared not to notice the perturbation of his people. He entered with an almost noiseless step, bent his head mildly to the pews on each side, and bowed as he passed his oldest parishioner, a white-haired great-grandsire, who occupied an arm-chair in the centre of the aisle. It was strange to observe how slowly this venerable man became conscious of something singular in the appearance of his pastor. He seemed not fully to partake of the prevailing wonder, till Mr. Hooper had ascended the stairs, and showed himself in the pulpit, face to face with his congregation, except for the black veil. That mysterious emblem<sup>o</sup> was never once withdrawn. It shook with his measured breath, as he gave out the psalm; it threw its obscurity between him and the holy page, as he read the Scriptures; and while he prayed, the veil lay heavily on his uplifted countenance. Did he seek to hide it from the dread Being whom he was addressing?

Such was the effect of this simple piece of crape, that more than one woman of delicate nerves was forced to leave the meeting-house. Yet perhaps the pale-faced congregation<sup>o</sup> was almost as fearful a sight to the minister, as his black veil to them.

Mr. Hooper had the reputation of a good preacher,<sup>o</sup> but not an energetic one: he strove to win his people heavenward by mild, persuasive influences, rather than to drive them thither by the thunders of the Word. The sermon which he now delivered was marked by the same character-

istics of style and manner as the general series of his pulpit oratory. But there was something, either in the sentiment of the discourse itself, or in the imagination of the auditors, which made it greatly the most powerful effort that they 5 had ever heard from their pastor's lips. It was tinged, rather more darkly than usual, with the gentle gloom<sup>o</sup> of Mr. Hooper's temperament. The subject had reference to secret sin, and those sad mysteries which we hide from our nearest and dearest, and would fain conceal from our own 10 consciousness, even forgetting that the Omniscient can detect them. A subtle power was breathed into his words. Each member of the congregation, the most innocent girl, and the man of hardened breast, felt as if the preacher had crept upon them, behind his awful veil, and discovered their 15 hoarded iniquity of deed or thought. Many spread their clasped hands on their bosoms. There was nothing terrible in what Mr. Hooper said, at least no violence; and yet, with every tremor of his melancholy voice, the hearers quaked. An unsought pathos came hand in hand with 20 awe. So sensible were<sup>o</sup> the audience of some unwonted attribute in their minister, that they longed for a breath of wind to blow aside the veil, almost believing that a stranger's visage would be discovered, though the form, gesture, and voice were those of Mr. Hooper.

25 At the close of the services, the people hurried out with indecorous confusion, eager to communicate their pent-up amazement, and conscious of lighter spirits, the moment they lost sight of the black veil. Some gathered in little circles, huddled closely together, with their mouths all whispering 30 in the centre; some went homeward alone, wrapt in silent meditation; some talked loudly, and profaned the Sabbath day with ostentatious<sup>o</sup> laughter. A few shook their sagacious heads, intimating that they could penetrate the mystery; while one or two affirmed that there was no mystery

at all, but only that Mr. Hooper's eyes were so weakened by the midnight lamp, as to require a shade. After a brief interval, forth came good Mr. Hooper also, in the rear of his flock. Turning his veiled face from one group to another, he paid due reverence to the hoary heads, saluted the middle 5 aged with kind dignity as their friend and spiritual guide, greeted the young with mingled authority and love, and laid his hands on the little children's heads to bless them. Such was always his custom on the Sabbath day. Strange and bewildered looks repaid him for his courtesy. None, as on 10 former occasions, aspired to the honor of walking by their pastor's side. Old Squire Saunders, doubtless by an accidental lapse of memory, neglected to invite Mr. Hooper to his table, where the good clergyman had been wont to bless the food almost every Sunday since his settlement. He 15 returned, therefore, to the parsonage, and, at the moment of closing the door, was observed to look back upon the people, all of whom had their eyes fixed upon the minister. A sad smile gleamed faintly from beneath the black veil, and flickered about his mouth, glimmering as he disappeared. 20

"How strange," said a lady, "that a simple black veil, such as any woman might wear on her bonnet, should become such a terrible thing on Mr. Hooper's face!"

"Something must surely be amiss with Mr. Hooper's intellects," observed her husband, the physician of the 25 village. "But the strangest part of the affair is the effect of this vagary, even on a sober-minded man like myself. The black veil, though it covers only our pastor's face, throws its influence over his whole person, and makes him ghostlike from head to foot. Do you not feel it so?" 30

"Truly do I," replied the lady; "and I would not be alone with him for the world. I wonder he is not afraid to be alone with himself!"

"Men sometimes are so," said her husband.

The afternoon service was attended with similar circumstances. At its conclusion, the bell tolled for the funeral of a young lady. The relatives and friends were assembled in the house, and the more distant acquaintances stood  
5 about the door, speaking of the good qualities of the deceased, when their talk was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Hooper, still covered with his black veil. It was now an appropriate emblem.° The clergyman stepped into the room where the corpse was laid, and bent over the coffin,  
10 to take a last farewell of his deceased parishioner. As he stooped, the veil hung straight down from his forehead, so that, if her eyelids had not been closed forever, the dead maiden might have seen his face. Could Mr. Hooper be fearful of her glance, that he so hastily caught back the  
15 black veil? A person° who watched the interview between the dead and living, scrupled not to affirm, that, at the instant when the clergyman's features were disclosed, the corpse had slightly shuddered, rustling the shroud and muslin cap, though the countenance retained the composure  
20 of death. A superstitious old woman was the only witness of this prodigy. From the coffin Mr. Hooper passed into the chamber of the mourners, and thence to the head of the staircase, to make the funeral prayer. It was a tender and heart-dissolving prayer, full of sorrow, yet so imbued with  
25 celestial hopes, that the music of a heavenly harp, swept by the fingers of the dead, seemed faintly to be heard among the saddest accents of the minister. The people trembled, though they but darkly° understood him when he prayed that they, and himself, and all of mortal race, might be  
30 ready, as he trusted this young maiden had been, for the dreadful hour that should snatch the veil° from their faces. The bearers went heavily forth, and the mourners followed, saddening all the street, with the dead before them, and Mr. Hooper in his black veil behind.

"Why do you look back?" said one in the procession to his partner.

"I had a fancy," replied she, "that the minister and the maiden's spirit were walking hand in hand."

"And so had I, at the same moment," said the other. 5

That night,° the handsomest couple in Milford village were to be joined in wedlock. Though reckoned a melancholy man, Mr. Hooper had a placid cheerfulness for such occasions, which often excited a sympathetic smile where livelier merriment would have been thrown away. There 10 was no quality of his disposition which made him more beloved than this. The company at the wedding awaited his arrival with impatience, trusting that the strange awe which had gathered over him throughout the day would now be dispelled. But such was not the result. When 15 Mr. Hooper came, the first thing that their eyes rested on was the same horrible black veil, which had added deeper gloom to the funeral, and could portend nothing but evil to the wedding. Such was its immediate effect on the guests that a cloud seemed to have rolled duski-ly from beneath the 20 black crape, and dimmed the light of the candles. The bridal pair stood up before the minister. But the bride's cold fingers quivered in the tremulous hand of the bridegroom, and her deathlike paleness caused a whisper° that the maiden who had been buried a few hours before was 25 come from her grave to be married. If ever another wedding were so dismal, it was that famous one° where they tolled the wedding knell. After performing the ceremony, Mr. Hooper raised a glass of wine° to his lips, wishing happiness to the new-married couple in a strain of mild pleas- 30 antry that ought to have brightened the features of the guests, like a cheerful gleam° from the hearth. At that instant, catching a glimpse of his figure in the looking-glass, the black veil involved his own spirit in the horror with

which it overwhelmed all others. His frame shuddered, his lips grew white, he spilt the untasted wine upon the carpet, and rushed forth into the darkness. For the Earth, too, had on her Black Veil.<sup>o</sup>

5 The next day, the whole village of Milford talked of little else than Parson Hooper's black veil. That, and the mystery concealed behind it, supplied a topic for discussion between acquaintances meeting in the street, and good women gossiping at their open windows. It was the first  
10 item of news that the tavern-keeper told to his guests. The children babbled of it on their way to school. One imitative little imp covered his face with an old black handkerchief, thereby so affrighting his playmates that the panic seized himself, and he well-nigh lost his wits by his own  
15 waggery.

It was remarkable that of all the busy-bodies and impertinent people in the parish, not one ventured to put the plain question to Mr. Hooper, wherefore he did this thing. Hitherto, whenever there appeared the slightest call for such  
20 interference, he had never lacked advisers, nor shown himself averse to be guided by their judgment. If he erred at all, it was by so painful a degree of self-distrust, that even the mildest censure would lead him to consider an indifferent action as a crime. Yet, though so well acquainted with  
25 this amiable weakness, no individual among his parishioners chose to make the black veil a subject of friendly remonstrance. There was a feeling of dread, neither plainly confessed nor carefully concealed, which caused each to shift the responsibility upon another, till at length it was found  
30 expedient to send a deputation of the church,<sup>o</sup> in order to deal with Mr. Hooper about the mystery, before it should grow into a scandal. Never did an embassy so ill discharge its duties. The minister received them with friendly courtesy, but became silent, after they were seated, leaving to

his visitors the whole burden of introducing their important business. The topic, it might be supposed, was obvious enough. There was the black veil swathed round Mr. Hooper's forehead, and concealing every feature above his placid mouth, on which, at times, they could perceive the 5 glimmering of a melancholy smile. But that piece of crape, to their imagination, seemed to hang down before his heart, the symbol of a fearful secret between him and them. Were the veil but cast aside, they might speak freely of it, but not till then. Thus they sat a considerable time, 10 speechless, confused, and shrinking uneasily from Mr. Hooper's eye, which they felt to be fixed upon them with an invisible glance. Finally, the deputies returned abashed to their constituents, pronouncing the matter too weighty to be handled, except by a council of the churches, if, indeed, 15 it might not require a general synod.<sup>o</sup>

But there was one person in the village unappalled by the awe with which the black veil had impressed all beside herself. When the deputies returned without an explanation, or even venturing to demand one, she, with the calm 20 energy of her character, determined to chase away the strange cloud that appeared to be settling round Mr. Hooper every moment more darkly than before. As his plighted wife,<sup>o</sup> it should be her privilege to know what the black veil concealed. At the minister's first visit,<sup>o</sup> therefore, she entered 25 upon the subject with a direct simplicity which made the task easier both for him and her. After he had seated himself, she fixed her eyes steadfastly upon the veil, but could discern nothing of the dreadful gloom that had so overawed the multitude: it was but a double fold of crape, hanging 30 down from his forehead to his mouth, and slightly stirring with his breath.

"No," said she aloud, and smiling, "there is nothing terrible in this piece of crape, except that it hides a face

which I am always glad to look upon. Come, good sir, let the sun shine from behind the cloud. First lay aside your black veil : then tell me why you put it on."

Mr. Hooper's smile glimmered faintly.

5 "There is an hour to come," said he, "when all of us shall cast aside our veils. Take it not amiss, beloved friend, if I wear this piece of crape till then."

"Your words are a mystery, too," returned the young lady. "Take away the veil from them, at least."

10 "Elizabeth,<sup>o</sup> I will," said he, "so far as my vow may suffer me. Know, then, this veil is a type and a symbol,<sup>o</sup> and I am bound to wear it ever, both in light and darkness, in solitude and before the gaze of multitudes,<sup>o</sup> and as with strangers, so with my familiar friends. No mortal eye will  
15 see it withdrawn. This dismal shade must separate me from the world : even you, Elizabeth, can never come behind it !"

"What grievous affliction hath befallen you," she earnestly inquired, "that you should thus darken your eyes  
20 forever ?"

"If it be a sign of mourning," replied Mr. Hooper, "I, perhaps, like most other mortals, have sorrows dark enough to be typified by a black veil."

"But what if the world will not believe that it is the  
25 type of an innocent sorrow ?" urged Elizabeth. "Beloved and respected as you are, there may be whispers that you hide your face under the consciousness of secret sin. For the sake of your holy office, do away this scandal !"

The color rose into her cheeks as she intimated the  
30 nature of the rumors that were already abroad in the village. But Mr. Hooper's mildness did not forsake him. He even smiled again—that same sad smile which always appeared like a faint glimmering of light proceeding from the obscurity beneath the veil.

"If I hide my face for sorrow, there is cause enough," he merely replied; "and if I cover it for secret sin, what mortal might not do the same?"

And with this gentle, but unconquerable obstinacy did he resist all her entreaties. At length Elizabeth sat silent. 5 For a few moments she appeared lost in thought, considering, probably, what new methods might be tried, to withdraw her lover from so dark a fantasy, which, if it had no other meaning, was perhaps a symptom of mental disease. Though of a firmer character than his own, the tears rolled 10 down her cheeks. But, in an instant, as it were, a new feeling took the place of sorrow: her eyes were fixed insensibly on the black veil, when, like a sudden twilight in the air, its terrors fell around her. She arose, and stood trembling before him. 15

"And do you feel it then, at last?" said he, mournfully.

She made no reply, but covered her eyes with her hand, and turned to leave the room. He rushed forward<sup>o</sup> and caught her arm.

"Have patience with me, Elizabeth!" cried he, passionately. "Do not desert me, though this veil must be between us here on earth. Be mine, and hereafter there shall be no veil over my face, no darkness between our souls! It is but a mortal veil—it is not for eternity! Oh! you know not how lonely I am, and how frightened, to be alone behind 25 my black veil. Do not leave me in this miserable obscurity forever!"

"Lift the veil but once,<sup>o</sup> and look me in the face," said she.

"Never! It cannot be!" replied Mr. Hooper.

"Then, farewell!" said Elizabeth. 30

She withdrew her arm from his grasp, and slowly departed, pausing at the door, to give one long shuddering gaze, that seemed almost to penetrate the mystery of the black veil. But, even amid his grief, Mr. Hooper smiled to

think that only a material emblem had separated him from happiness, though the horrors which it shadowed forth must be drawn darkly between the fondest of lovers.

From that time no attempts were made to remove Mr. Hooper's black veil, or, by a direct appeal, to discover the secret which it was supposed to hide. By persons who claimed a superiority to popular prejudice, it was reckoned merely an eccentric whim, such as often mingles with the sober actions of men otherwise rational, and tinges them all with its own semblance of insanity. But with the multitude, good Mr. Hooper was irreparably a bugbear. He could not walk the street with any peace of mind, so conscious was he that the gentle and timid would turn aside to avoid him, and that others would make it a point of hardi- hood to throw themselves in his way. The impertinence of the latter class compelled him to give up his customary walk at sunset to the burial ground ; for when he leaned pensively over the gate, there would always be faces behind the grave-stones, peeping at his black veil. A fable went the rounds that the stare of the dead people drove him thence. It grieved him, to the very depth of his kind heart, to observe how the children fled from his approach, breaking up their merriest sports while his melancholy figure was yet afar off. Their instinctive dread caused him to feel, more strongly than aught else, that a preternatural horror was interwoven with the threads of the black crape. In truth, his own antipathy to the veil was known to be so great, that he never willingly passed before a mirror, nor stooped to drink at a still fountain, lest, in its peaceful bosom, he should be affrighted by himself. This was what gave plausibility to the whispers that Mr. Hooper's conscience tortured him for some great crime too horrible to be entirely concealed, or otherwise than so obscurely intimated. Thus, from beneath the black veil, there rolled a cloud into the sunshine, an

ambiguity of sin or sorrow, which enveloped the poor minister, so that love or sympathy could never reach him. It was said that ghost and fiend consorted with him there. With self-shudderings and outward terrors, he walked continually in its shadow, groping darkly within his own soul, <sup>5</sup> or gazing through a medium that saddened the whole world. Even the lawless wind, it was believed,<sup>o</sup> respected his dreadful secret, and never blew aside the veil. But still good Mr. Hooper sadly smiled at the pale visages of the worldly throng as he passed by. 10

Among all its bad influences,<sup>o</sup> the black veil had the one desirable effect, of making its wearer a very efficient clergyman. By the aid of his mysterious emblem — for there was no other apparent cause — he became a man of awful power over souls that were in agony for sin. His converts always <sup>15</sup> regarded him with a dread peculiar to themselves, affirming, though but figuratively, that, before he brought them to celestial light, they had been with him behind the black veil. Its gloom, indeed, enabled him to sympathize with all dark affections. Dying sinners cried aloud for Mr. Hooper, <sup>20</sup> and would not yield their breath till he appeared; though ever, as he stooped to whisper consolation, they shuddered at the veiled face so near their own. Such were the terrors of the black veil, even when Death<sup>o</sup> had bared his visage! Strangers came long distances to attend service at his <sup>25</sup> church, with the mere idle purpose of gazing at his figure, because it was forbidden them to behold his face. But many were made to quake ere they departed! Once, during Governor Belcher's administration,<sup>o</sup> Mr. Hooper was appointed to preach the election sermon.<sup>o</sup> Covered with his <sup>30</sup> black veil, he stood before the chief magistrate, the council, and the representatives, and wrought so deep an impression, that the legislative measures of that year were characterized by all the gloom and piety of our earliest ancestral sway.

In this manner Mr. Hooper spent a long life, irreproachable in outward act, yet shrouded in dismal suspicions ; kind and loving, though unloved, and dimly feared ; a man apart from men, shunned in their health and joy, but ever summoned to their aid in mortal anguish. As years wore on, shedding their snows above his sable veil,<sup>o</sup> he acquired a name throughout the New England churches, and they called him Father Hooper. Nearly all his parishioners who were of mature age when he was settled had been borne away by many a funeral : he had one congregation in the church, and a more crowded one in the churchyard ; and having wrought so late into the evening, and done his work so well, it was now good Father Hooper's turn to rest.

15 Several persons were visible by the shaded candlelight in the death chamber<sup>o</sup> of the old clergyman. Natural connections he had none. But there was the decorously grave, though unmoved physician,<sup>o</sup> seeking only to mitigate the last pangs of the patient whom he could not save. There were the deacons, and other eminently pious members of his church. There, also, was the Reverend Mr. Clark, of Westbury, a young and zealous divine, who had ridden in haste to pray by the bedside of the expiring minister. There was the nurse, no hired handmaiden of death, but one whose calm  
25 affection had endured thus long in secrecy, in solitude, amid the chill of age, and would not perish, even at the dying hour. Who, but Elizabeth ! And there lay the hoary head of good Father Hooper upon the death pillow, with the black veil still swathed about his brow, and reaching down over his face, so  
30 that each more difficult gasp of his faint breath caused it to stir. All through life that piece of crape had hung between him and the world : it had separated him from cheerful brotherhood and woman's love, and kept him in the saddest of all prisons, his own heart ; and still it lay upon his face,

as if to deepen the gloom of his darksome chamber, and shade him from the sunshine of eternity.

For some time previous, his mind had been confused, wavering doubtfully between the past and the present, and hovering forward, as it were, at intervals, into the indistinctness of the world to come. There had been feverish turns, which tossed him from side to side, and wore away what little strength he had. But in his most convulsive struggles, and in the wildest vagaries of his intellect, when no other thought retained its sober influence, he still showed an awful solicitude lest the black veil should slip aside. Even if his bewildered soul could have forgotten, there was a faithful woman at his pillow, who, with averted eyes, would have covered that aged face, which she had last beheld in the comeliness of manhood. At length the death-stricken old man lay quietly in the torpor of mental and bodily exhaustion, with an imperceptible pulse, and breath that grew fainter and fainter, except when a long, deep, and irregular inspiration<sup>o</sup> seemed to prelude the flight of his spirit. 20

The minister of Westbury approached the bedside.

"Venerable Father Hooper," said he, "the moment of your release is at hand. Are you ready for the lifting of the veil that shuts in time from eternity?"

Father Hooper at first replied merely by a feeble motion of his head; then, apprehensive, perhaps, that his meaning might be doubtful, he exerted himself to speak.

"Yea," said he, in faint accents, "my soul hath a patient weariness until that veil be lifted."

"And is it fitting," resumed the Reverend Mr. Clark, "that a man so given to prayer, of such a blameless example, holy in deed and thought, so far as mortal judgment may pronounce; is it fitting that a father in the church should leave a shadow on his memory, that may seem to blacken a life so

pure? I pray you, my venerable brother, let not this thing be! Suffer us to be gladdened by your triumphant aspect, as you go to your reward. Before the veil of eternity be lifted, let me cast aside this black veil from your face!"

5 And thus speaking, the Reverend Mr. Clark bent forward to reveal the mystery<sup>o</sup> of so many years. But, exerting a sudden energy that made all the beholders stand aghast, Father Hooper snatched both his hands from beneath the bedclothes, and pressed them strongly on the black veil,  
10 resolute to struggle, if the minister of Westbury would contend with a dying man.

"Never!" cried the veiled clergyman. "On earth, never!"

"Dark old man!" exclaimed the affrighted minister, "with  
15 what horrible crime upon your soul are you now passing to the judgment?"

Father Hooper's breath heaved; it rattled in his throat; but, with a mighty effort, grasping forward with his hands, he caught hold of life, and held it back till he should speak.  
20 He even raised himself in bed; and there he sat, shivering with the arms of death around him, while the black veil hung down, awful, at that last moment, in the gathered terrors of a lifetime. And yet the faint, sad smile, so often there, now seemed to glimmer from its obscurity, and linger  
25 on Father Hooper's lips.

"Why do you tremble at me alone?" cried he, turning his veiled face round the circle of pale spectators. "Tremble also at each other! Have men avoided me, and women shown no pity, and children screamed and fled, only for my  
30 black veil? What, but the mystery which it obscurely typifies,<sup>o</sup> has made this piece of crape so awful? When the friend shows his inmost heart to his friend; the lover to his best beloved; when man does not vainly shrink from the eye of his Creator, loathsomely treasuring up the secret of

his sin ; then deem me a monster, for the symbol beneath which I have lived, and die ! I look around me, and, lo ! on every visage a Black Veil ! ”

While his auditors shrank from one another, in mutual affright, Father Hooper fell back upon his pillow, a veiled 5 corpse, with a faint smile lingering on the lips. Still veiled, they laid him in his coffin, and a veiled corpse they bore him to the grave. The grass of many years has sprung up and withered on that grave, the burial stone is moss-grown, and good Mr. Hooper's face is dust ; but awful is still the thought 10 that it mouldered beneath the Black Veil !



# LEGENDS OF THE PROVINCE HOUSE



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## HOWE'S MASQUERADE

ONE afternoon, last summer,° while walking° along Washington Street,° my eye was attracted by a signboard protruding over a narrow archway, nearly opposite the Old South Church.° The sign represented the front of a stately edifice, which was designated as the “OLD PROVINCE HOUSE, kept 5 by Thomas Waite.” I was glad to be thus reminded of a purpose, long entertained, of visiting and rambling over the mansion of the old royal governors of Massachusetts; and entering the arched passage,° which penetrated through the middle of a brick row of shops, a few steps transported me 10 from the busy heart of modern Boston into a small and secluded court-yard. One side of this space was occupied by the square front of the Province House, three stories high, and surmounted by a cupola, on the top of which a gilded Indian was discernible, with his bow bent and his 15 arrow on the string, as if aiming at the weathercock on the spire of the Old South. The figure has kept this attitude for seventy years or more, ever since good Deacon Drowne,° a cunning carver of wood, first stationed him on his long sentinel's watch over the city. 20

The Province House° is constructed of brick, which seems

recently to have been overlaid with a coat of light-colored paint. A flight of red freestone steps, fenced in by a balustrade of curiously wrought iron, ascends from the court-yard to the spacious porch, over which is a balcony with an iron  
5 balustrade of similar pattern and workmanship to that beneath. These letters and figures — 16 P. S. 79 — are wrought into the iron work of the balcony, and probably express the date of the edifice, with the initials of its founder's name. A wide door<sup>o</sup> with double leaves admitted me into the hall  
10 or entry, on the right of which is the entrance to the bar-room.

It was in this apartment, I presume, that the ancient governors held their levees, with vice-regal pomp, surrounded by the military men, the councillors, the judges, and other offi-  
15 cers of the crown, while all the loyalty of the province thronged to do them honor. But the room, in its present condition, cannot boast even of faded magnificence. The panelled wainscot is covered with dingy paint, and acquires a duskier hue from the deep shadow into which the Prov-  
20 ince House is thrown by the brick block that shuts it in from Washington Street. A ray of sunshine never visits this apartment any more than the glare of the festal torches, which have been extinguished from the era of the Revolution. The most venerable and ornamental object is a chim-  
25 ney-piece set round with Dutch tiles of blue-figured China, representing scenes from Scripture; and, for aught I know, the lady of Pownall or Bernard may have sat beside this fire-place, and told her children the story of each blue tile. A bar in modern style, well replenished with decanters, bot-  
30 tles, cigar boxes, and net-work bags of lemons, and provided with a beer-pump and a soda-fount, extends along one side of the room. At my entrance, an elderly person was smacking his lips with a zest which satisfied me that the cellars of the Province House still hold good liquor, though doubt-

less of other vintages than were quaffed by the old governors. After sipping a glass of port sangaree, prepared by the skillful hands of Mr. Thomas Waite, I besought that worthy successor and representative of so many historic personages to conduct me over their time-honored mansion.

5

He readily complied; but, to confess the truth, I was forced to draw strenuously upon my imagination, in order to find aught that was interesting in a house which, without its historic associations, would have seemed merely such a tavern as is usually favored by the custom of decent city board-10  
ers, and old-fashioned country gentlemen. The chambers, which were probably spacious in former times, are now cut up by partitions, and subdivided into little nooks, each affording scanty room for the narrow bed and chair and dressing-table of a single lodger. The great staircase, however, may 15  
be termed, without much hyperbole, a feature of grandeur and magnificence. It winds through the midst of the house by flights of broad steps, each flight terminating in a square landing-place, whence the ascent is continued towards the cupola. A carved balustrade, freshly painted in the lower 20  
stories, but growing dingier as we ascend, borders the staircase with its quaintly twisted and intertwined pillars, from top to bottom. Up these stairs the military boots, or perchance the gouty shoes, of many a governor have trodden, as the wearers mounted to the cupola, which afforded them 25  
so wide a view over their metropolis and the surrounding country. The cupola is an octagon, with several windows, and a door opening upon the roof. From this station, as I pleased myself with imagining, Gage may have beheld his disastrous victory° on Bunker Hill (unless one of the tri-30  
mountains intervened), and Howe have marked the approaches of Washington's besieging army; although the buildings since erected in the vicinity have shut out almost every object, save the steeple of the Old South, which seems

almost within arm's length. Descending from the cupola, I paused in the garret to observe the ponderous white-oak framework, so much more massive than the frames of modern houses, and thereby resembling an antique skeleton. The 5 brick walls, the materials of which were imported from Holland, and the timbers of the mansion, are still as sound as ever; but the floors and other interior parts being greatly decayed, it is contemplated to gut the whole,<sup>o</sup> and build a new house within the ancient frame and brick work. Among 10 other inconveniences of the present edifice, mine host mentioned that any jar or motion was apt to shake down the dust of ages out of the ceiling of one chamber upon the floor of that beneath it.

We stepped forth from the great front window into the 15 balcony, where, in old times, it was doubtless the custom of the king's representative to show himself to a loyal populace, requiting their huzzas and tossed-up hats with stately bendings of his dignified person. In those days the front of the Province House looked upon the street; and the whole site 20 now occupied by the brick range of stores, as well as the present court-yard, was laid out in grass plats, overshadowed by trees and bordered by a wrought-iron fence. Now, the old aristocratic edifice hides its time-worn visage behind an upstart modern building; at one of the back windows I ob- 25 served some pretty tailoresses, sewing and chatting and laughing, with now and then a careless glance towards the balcony. Descending thence, we again entered the bar-room, where the elderly gentleman<sup>o</sup> above mentioned, the smack of whose lips had spoken so favorably for Mr. Waite's good liquor, was 30 still lounging in his chair. He seemed to be, if not a lodger, at least a familiar visitor of the house, who might be supposed to have his regular score at the bar, his summer seat at the open window, and his prescriptive corner<sup>o</sup> at the winter's fire-side. Being<sup>o</sup> of a sociable aspect, I ventured to address him

with a remark calculated to draw forth his historical reminiscences, if any such were in his mind ; and it gratified me to discover, that, between memory and tradition, the old gentleman was really possessed of some very pleasant gossip about the Province House. The portion of his talk which chiefly 5 interested me was the outline of the following legend. He professed to have received it at one or two removes from an eye-witness ; but this derivation, together with the lapse of time, must have afforded opportunities for many variations of the narrative ; so that, despairing of literal and absolute 10 truth, I have not scrupled to make such further changes as seemed conducive to the reader's profit and delight.

At one of the entertainments° given at the Province House, during the latter part of the siege of Boston,° there passed a scene which has never yet been satisfactorily explained. 15 The officers of the British army, and the loyal gentry of the province, most of whom were collected within the beleagured town, had been invited to a masked ball ; for it was the policy of Sir William Howe to hide the distress° and danger of the period, and the desperate aspect° of the siege, under an osten- 20 tation of festivity. The spectacle of this evening, if the oldest members of the provincial court circle might be believed, was the most gay and gorgeous affair that had occurred in the annals of the government. The brilliantly lighted apartments° were thronged with figures that seemed to have 25 stepped from the dark canvas of historic portraits, or to have flitted forth from the magic pages of romance, or at least to have flown hither from one of the London theatres, without a change of garments. Steeled knights° of the Conquest, bearded statesmen of Queen Elizabeth, and high-ruffled ladies 30 of her court, were mingled with characters of comedy, such as a party-colored Merry Andrew, jingling his cap and bells ; a Falstaff, almost as provocative of laughter as his prototype ;

and a Don Quixote, with a bean pole for a lance, and a pot lid for a shield.

But the broadest merriment<sup>o</sup> was excited by a group of figures ridiculously dressed in old regimentals, which seemed 5 to have been purchased at a military rag fair, or pilfered from some receptacle of the cast-off clothes of both the French and British armies. Portions of their attire had probably been worn at the siege of Louisburg, and the coats of most recent cut might have been rent and tattered by sword, ball, or 10 bayonet, as long ago as Wolfe's victory. One of these worthies — a tall, lank figure,<sup>o</sup> brandishing a rusty sword of immense longitude — purported to be no less a personage than General George Washington; and the other principal officers of the American army, such as Gates, Lee, Putnam, Schuyler, Ward, 15 and Heath, were represented by similar scarecrows. An interview in the mock heroic style, between the rebel warriors and the British commander-in-chief, was received with immense applause, which came loudest of all from the loyalists of the colony. There was one of the guests,<sup>o</sup> however, who 20 stood apart, eyeing these antics sternly and scornfully, at once with a frown and a bitter smile.

It was an old man, formerly of high station and great repute in the province, and who<sup>o</sup> had been a very famous soldier in his day. Some surprise had been expressed that a 25 person of Colonel Joliffe's known whig principles, though now too old to take an active part in the contest, should have remained in Boston during the siege, and especially that he should consent to show himself in the mansion of Sir William Howe. But thither he had come, with a fair grand- 30 daughter under his arm; and there, amid all the mirth and buffoonery, stood this stern old figure, the best sustained character in the masquerade, because so well representing the antique spirit of his native land. The other guests affirmed that Colonel Joliffe's black puritanical scowl threw a shadow

round about him ; although in spite of his sombre influence° their gayety continued to blaze higher, like — (an ominous comparison) — the flickering brilliancy of a lamp which has but a little while to burn. Eleven strokes, full half an hour ago,° had pealed from the clock of the Old South, when a 5 rumor was circulated among the company that some new spectacle or pageant was about to be exhibited, which should put a fitting close to the splendid festivities of the night.

“What new jest has your Excellency in hand?” asked 10 the Rev. Mather Byles,° whose Presbyterian scruples had not kept him from the entertainment. “Trust me, sir, I have already laughed more than beseems my cloth° at your Homeric confabulation° with yonder ragamuffin General of the rebels. One other such fit of merriment, and I must 15 throw off my clerical wig and band.”

“Not so, good Doctor Byles,” answered Sir William Howe ; “if mirth were a crime, you had never gained your doctorate in divinity. As to this new foolery, I know no more about it than yourself ; perhaps not so much. Hon- 20 estly now, Doctor, have you not stirred up the sober brains of some of your countrymen to enact a scene in our masquerade?”

“Perhaps,” slyly remarked the granddaughter of Colonel Joliffe, whose high spirit had been stung by many taunts 25 against New England, — “perhaps we are to have a mask of allegorical figures. Victory, with trophies from Lexington and Bunker Hill — Plenty, with her overflowing horn, to typify the present abundance° in this good town — and Glory, with a wreath for his Excellency’s brow.” 30

Sir William Howe smiled at words which he would have answered with one of his darkest frowns had they been uttered by lips that wore a beard.° He was spared the necessity of a retort, by a singular interruption. A sound

of music was heard without the house, as if proceeding from a full band of military instruments stationed in the street, playing not such a festal strain as was suited to the occasion, but a slow funeral march. The drums appeared to be muffled, 5 and the trumpets poured forth a wailing breath, which at once hushed the merriment of the auditors, filling all with wonder, and some with apprehension. The idea occurred to many that either° the funeral procession of some great personage had halted in front of the Province House, or that a 10 corpse, in a velvet-covered and gorgeously decorated coffin, was about to be borne from the portal. After listening a moment, Sir William Howe called, in a stern voice, to the leader of the musicians, who had hitherto enlivened the entertainment with gay and lightsome melodies. The man 15 was drum-major to one of the British regiments.

“Dighton,” demanded the General, “what means this foolery? Bid your band silence that dead march — or, by my word, they shall have sufficient cause for their lugubrious strains! Silence it, sirrah!”

20 “Please your honor,” answered the drum-major, whose rubicund visage had lost all its color, “the fault is none of mine. I and my band are all here together, and I question whether there be a man of us that could play that march without book.° I never heard it but once before, and that 25 was at the funeral of his late Majesty, King George the Second.”

“Well, well!” said Sir William Howe, recovering his composure — “it is the prelude to some masquerading antic. Let it pass.”

30 A figure° now presented itself, but among the many fantastic masks that were dispersed through the apartments none could tell precisely from whence it came. It was a man in an old-fashioned dress of black serge, and having the aspect of a steward or principal domestic in the household

of a nobleman or great English landholder. This figure advanced to the outer door of the mansion, and throwing both its leaves wide open, withdrew a little to one side and looked back towards the grand staircase as if expecting some person to descend. At the same time, the music in the 5 street sounded a loud and doleful summons. The eyes of Sir William Howe and his guests being directed to the staircase, there appeared on the uppermost landing-place that was discernible from the bottom, several personages descending towards the door. The foremost was a man of stern 10 visage, wearing a steeple-crowned hat and a skull-cap beneath it; a dark cloak, and huge wrinkled boots that came half-way up his legs. Under his arm was a rolled-up banner,<sup>o</sup> which seemed to be the banner of England, but strangely rent and torn; he had a sword in his right hand, and grasped 15 a Bible in his left. The next figure was of milder aspect, yet full of dignity, wearing a broad ruff, over which descended a beard, a gown of wrought velvet, and a doublet and hose of black satin. He carried a roll of manuscript in his hand. Close behind these two, came a young man<sup>o</sup> of 20 very striking countenance and demeanor, with deep thought and contemplation on his brow, and perhaps a flash of enthusiasm in his eye. His garb, like that of his predecessors, was of an antique fashion, and there was a stain of blood upon his ruff. In the same group with these were three or 25 four others,<sup>o</sup> all men of dignity and evident command, and bearing themselves like personages who were accustomed to the gaze of the multitude. It was the idea<sup>o</sup> of the beholders that these figures went to join the mysterious funeral that had halted in front of the Province House; yet that 30 supposition seemed to be contradicted by the air of triumph with which they waved their hands, as they crossed the threshold and vanished through the portal.

“In the devil’s name what is this?” muttered Sir William

Howe to a gentleman beside him ; “ a procession of the regicide judges<sup>o</sup> of King Charles the martyr ? ”

“ These,” said Colonel Joliffe, breaking silence almost for the first time that evening, — “ these, if I interpret them aright, are the Puritan governors — the rulers of the old original Democracy of Massachusetts. Endicott, with the banner from which he had torn the symbol of subjection, and Winthrop, and Sir Henry Vane, and Dudley, Haynes, Bellingham, and Leverett.”

10 “ Why had that young man a stain of blood upon his ruff ? ” asked Miss Joliffe.

“ Because, in after years,” answered her grandfather, “ he laid down the wisest head in England upon the block for the principles of liberty.”

15 “ Will not your Excellency order out the guard ? ” whispered Lord Percy,<sup>o</sup> who, with other British officers, had now assembled round the General. “ There may be a plot under this mummery.”

“ Tush ! we have nothing to fear,” carelessly replied Sir  
20 William Howe. “ There can be no worse treason in the matter than a jest, and that somewhat of the dullest. Even were it a sharp and bitter one, our best policy would be to laugh it off. See — here come more of these gentry.”<sup>o</sup>

Another group<sup>o</sup> of characters had now partly descended  
25 the staircase. The first was a venerable and white-bearded patriarch, who cautiously felt his way downward with a staff. Treading hastily behind him, and stretching forth his gauntleted hand as if to grasp the old man’s shoulder, came a tall, soldier-like figure, equipped with a plumed cap of steel, a  
30 bright breast-plate, and a long sword, which rattled against the stairs. Next was seen a stout man, dressed in rich and courtly attire, but not of courtly demeanor ; his gait had the swinging motion of a seaman’s walk ; and chancing to stumble on the staircase, he suddenly grew wrathful, and was heard

to mutter an oath. He was followed by a noble-looking personage in a curled wig, such as are represented in the portraits of Queen Anne's time<sup>o</sup> and earlier ; and the breast of his coat was decorated with an embroidered star. While advancing to the door, he bowed to the right hand and to 5 the left, in a very gracious and insinuating style ; but as he crossed the threshold, unlike the early Puritan governors, he seemed to wring his hands with sorrow.

"Prithee, play the part of a chorus,<sup>o</sup> good Doctor Byles,"<sup>o</sup> said Sir William Howe. "What worthies are these?" 10

"If it please your Excellency they lived somewhat before my day," answered the doctor ; "but doubtless our friend, the Colonel, has been hand and glove with them."

"Their living faces I never looked upon," said Colonel Joliffe, gravely ; "although I have spoken face to face with 15 many rulers of this land, and shall greet yet another<sup>o</sup> with an old man's blessing ere I die. But we talk of these figures. I take the venerable patriarch to be Bradstreet,<sup>o</sup> the last of the Puritans, who was governor at ninety, or thereabouts. The next is Sir Edmund Andros, a tyrant, as any 20 New England school-boy will tell you ; and therefore the people cast him down from his high seat into a dungeon. Then comes Sir William Phipps,<sup>o</sup> shepherd, cooper, sea-captain, and governor — may many of his countrymen rise as high, from as low an origin ! Lastly, you saw the gra- 25 cious Earl of Bellamont,<sup>o</sup> who ruled us under King William."

"But what is the meaning of it all?" asked Lord Percy.

"Now, were I a rebel," said Miss Joliffe, half aloud, "I might fancy that the ghosts of these ancient governors had been summoned to form the funeral procession<sup>o</sup> of royal 30 authority in New England."

Several other figures were now seen at the turn of the staircase. The one in advance had a thoughtful, anxious, and somewhat crafty expression of face, and in spite of his

loftiness of manner, which was evidently the result both of an ambitious spirit and of long continuance in high stations, he seemed not incapable of cringing to a greater than himself. A few steps behind came an officer in a scarlet and 5 embroidered uniform, cut in a fashion old enough to have been worn by the Duke of Marlborough.<sup>o</sup> His nose had a rubicund tinge,<sup>o</sup> which, together with the twinkle of his eye, might have marked him as a lover of the wine cup and good fellowship; notwithstanding which tokens he appeared ill 10 at ease, and often glanced around him as if apprehensive of some secret mischief. Next came a portly gentleman, wearing a coat of shaggy cloth, lined with silken velvet; he had sense, shrewdness, and humor in his face, and a folio volume under his arm; but his aspect was that of a man 15 vexed and tormented beyond all patience, and harassed almost to death. He went hastily down, and was followed by a dignified person, dressed in a purple velvet suit, with very rich embroidery; his demeanor would have possessed much stateliness, only that a grievous fit of the gout com- 20 pelled him to hobble from stair to stair, with contortions of face and body. When Dr. Byles beheld this figure on the staircase, he shivered as with an ague, but continued to watch him steadfastly, until the gouty gentleman had reached the threshold, made a gesture of anguish and 25 despair, and vanished into the outer gloom, whither the funeral music summoned him.

"Governor Belcher!<sup>o</sup>—my old patron!—in his very shape and dress!" gasped Dr. Byles. "This is an awful mockery!"

30 "A tedious foolery, rather," said Sir William Howe, with an air of indifference. "But who were the three that preceded him?"

"Governor Dudley,<sup>o</sup> a cunning politician—yet his craft once brought him to a prison," replied Colonel Joliffe

"Governor Shute, formerly a Colonel under Marlborough, and whom<sup>o</sup> the people frightened out of the province; and learned Governor Burnett,<sup>o</sup> whom the legislature tormented into a mortal fever."

"Methinks they were miserable men, these royal gov- 5 ernors of Massachusetts," observed Miss Joliffe. "Heavens, how dim the light grows!"

It was certainly a fact that the large lamp which illuminated the staircase now burned dim and duskily: so that several figures, which passed hastily down the stairs and went 10 forth from the porch, appeared rather like shadows than persons of fleshly substance. Sir William Howe and his guests stood at the doors of the contiguous apartments, watching the progress of this singular pageant, with various emotions of anger, contempt, or half-acknowledged fear, but still with 15 an anxious curiosity. The shapes which now seemed hastening to join the mysterious procession were recognized rather by striking peculiarities of dress, or broad characteristics of manner, than by any perceptible resemblance of features to their prototypes. Their faces, indeed, were 20 invariably kept in deep shadow. But Dr. Byles, and other gentlemen who had long been familiar with the successive rulers of the province, were heard to whisper the names of Shirley, of Pownall, of Sir Francis Bernard, and of the well remembered Hutchinson;<sup>o</sup> thereby confessing that the actors, 25 whoever they might be, in this spectral march of governors, had succeeded in putting on some distant portraiture of the real personages. As they vanished from the door, still did these shadows toss their arms into the gloom of night, with a dread expression of woe. Following the mimic represent- 30 ative of Hutchinson came a military figure, holding before his face the cocked hat which he had taken from his powdered head; but<sup>o</sup> his epaulettes and other insignia of rank were those of a general officer, and something in his mien

reminded the beholders of one who had recently been master of the Province House, and chief of all the land.

"The shape of Gage, as true as in a looking-glass," exclaimed Lord Percy, turning pale.

- 5 "No, surely," cried Miss Joliffe, laughing hysterically ;  
"it could not be Gage, or Sir William would have greeted his old comrade in arms ! Perhaps he will not suffer the next to pass unchallenged."

"Of that be assured, young lady," answered Sir William  
10 Howe, fixing his eyes, with a very marked expression, upon the immovable visage of her grandfather. "I have long enough delayed to pay the ceremonies of a host to these departing guests. The next that takes his leave shall receive due courtesy."

- 15 A wild and dreary burst of music came through the open door. It seemed as if the procession, which had been gradually filling up its ranks, were<sup>o</sup> now about to move, and that this loud peal of the wailing trumpets, and roll of the muffled drums, were a call to some loiterer to make haste.  
20 Many eyes, by an irresistible impulse, were turned upon Sir William Howe, as if it were he whom the dreary music summoned to the funeral of departed power.

"See ! — here comes the last !" whispered Miss Joliffe, pointing her tremulous<sup>o</sup> finger to the staircase.

- 25 A figure had come into view as if descending the stairs ; although so dusky was the region whence it emerged, some of the spectators fancied that they had seen this human shape suddenly moulding itself<sup>o</sup> amid the gloom. Downward the figure came, with a stately and martial tread, and  
30 reaching the lowest stair was observed to be a tall man, booted and wrapped in a military cloak, which was drawn up around the face so as to meet the flapped brim of a laced hat. The features, therefore, were completely hidden. But the British officers deemed that they had seen that military

cloak before, and even recognized the frayed embroidery on the collar, as well as the gilded scabbard of a sword which protruded from the folds of the cloak, and glittered in a vivid gleam of light. Apart from these trifling particulars, there were characteristics of gait and bearing which impelled 5 the wondering guests to glance from the shrouded figure to Sir William Howe, as if to satisfy themselves that their host had not suddenly vanished from the midst of them.

With a dark flush<sup>o</sup> of wrath upon his brow, they saw the General draw his sword and advance to meet the figure in the 10 cloak before the latter had stepped one pace upon the floor.

"Villain, unmuffle yourself!" cried he. "You pass no farther!"<sup>o</sup>

The figure, without blenching a hair's breadth from the sword which was pointed at his breast, made a solemn pause 15 and lowered the cape of the cloak from about his face, yet not sufficiently for the spectators to catch a glimpse of it. But Sir William Howe had evidently seen enough. The sternness of his countenance gave place to a look of wild amazement,<sup>o</sup> if not horror, while he recoiled several steps 20 from the figure, and let fall his sword upon the floor. The martial shape again drew the cloak about his features and passed on; but reaching the threshold, with his back towards the spectators, he was seen to stamp his foot and shake his clinched hands<sup>o</sup> in the air. It was afterwards affirmed that 25 Sir William Howe had repeated that selfsame gesture of rage and sorrow, when, for the last time, and as the last royal governor, he passed through the portal of the Province House.

"Hark! — the procession moves," said Miss Joliffe. 30

The music was dying away along the street, and its dismal strains were mingled with the knell of midnight<sup>o</sup> from the steeple of the Old South, and with the roar of artillery, which announced that the beleaguering army of Washington

had intrenched itself upon a nearer height° than before. As the deep boom of the cannon smote upon his ear, Colonel Joliffe raised himself to the full height of his aged form, and smiled sternly on the British General.

5 “Would your Excellency inquire further into the mystery of the pageant?” said he.

“Take care of your gray head!” cried Sir William Howe, fiercely,° though with a quivering lip. “It has stood too long on a traitor’s shoulders!”

10 “You must make haste to chop it off, then,” calmly replied the Colonel; “for a few hours longer, and not all the power of Sir William Howe, nor of his master, shall cause one of these gray hairs to fall. The empire of Britain in this ancient province is at its last gasp to-night;—  
15 almost while I speak it is a dead corpse;—and methinks the shadows of the old governors° are fit mourners at its funeral!”

With these words° Colonel Joliffe threw on his cloak, and drawing his granddaughter’s arm within his own, retired  
20 from the last festival that a British ruler ever held in the old province of Massachusetts Bay. It was supposed that the Colonel and the young lady possessed some secret intelligence in regard to the mysterious pageant of that night. However this might be, such knowledge has never become  
25 general. The actors in the scene have vanished into deeper obscurity than even that wild Indian band° who scattered the cargoes of the tea ships on the waves, and gained a place in history, yet left no names. But superstition, among other legends of this mansion, repeats the wondrous tale, that on  
30 the anniversary night of Britain’s discomfiture the ghosts of the ancient governors° of Massachusetts still glide through the portal of the Province House. And, last of all, comes a figure shrouded in a military cloak, tossing his clinched hands into the air, and stamping his iron-shod boots upon the

broad freestone steps, with a semblance of feverish despair, but without the sound of a foot-tramp.

When the truth-telling accents° of the elderly gentleman were hushed, I drew a long breath and looked round the room, striving, with the best energy of my imagination, to 5 throw a tinge of romance and historic grandeur over the realities of the scene. But my nostrils snuffed up a scent of cigar smoke, clouds of which the narrator had emitted by way of visible emblem, I suppose, of the nebulous obscurity° of his tale. Moreover, my gorgeous fantasies were 10 wofully disturbed by the rattling of the spoon in a tumbler of whiskey punch, which Mr. Thomas Waite was mingling for a customer. Nor did it add to the picturesque appearance of the panelled walls that the slate of the Brookline stage was suspended against them, instead of the armorial 15 escutcheon of some far-descended governor. A stage-driver sat at one of the windows, reading a penny paper of the day — the Boston Times — and presenting a figure which could nowise be brought into any picture of “Times in Boston” seventy or a hundred years ago. On the window seat lay a 20 bundle, neatly done up in brown paper, the direction of which I had the idle curiosity to read. “MISS SUSAN HUGGINS, at the PROVINCE HOUSE.” A pretty chambermaid, no doubt. In truth, it is desperately hard work, when we attempt to throw the spell of hoar antiquity over localities 25 with which the living world, and the day that is passing over us, have aught to do. Yet, as I glanced at the stately staircase down which the procession of the old governors had descended, and as I emerged through the venerable portal whence their figures had preceded me, it gladdened me to 30 be conscious of a thrill of awe. Then, diving through the narrow archway, a few strides transported me into the densest throng of Washington Street.

## LADY ELEANORE'S MANTLE

MINE excellent friend,<sup>o</sup> the landlord of the Province House, was pleased, the other evening, to invite Mr. Tiffany and myself to an oyster supper. This slight mark of respect and gratitude, as he handsomely observed, was far less than the ingenious tale-teller, and I, the humble note-taker<sup>o</sup> of his narratives, had fairly earned, by the public notice which our joint lucubrations<sup>o</sup> had attracted to his establishment. Many a cigar had been smoked within his premises — many a glass of wine, or more potent aqua vitæ, 10 had been quaffed — many a dinner had been eaten by curious strangers, who, save for the fortunate conjunction of Mr. Tiffany and me,<sup>o</sup> would never have ventured through that darksome avenue<sup>o</sup> which gives access to the historic precincts<sup>o</sup> of the Province House. In short, if any credit be 15 due to the courteous assurances of Mr. Thomas Waite, we had brought his forgotten mansion almost as effectually into public view as if we had thrown down the vulgar range of shoe shops and dry goods stores, which hides its aristocratic front from Washington Street. It may be 20 unadvisable, however, to speak too loudly of the increased custom of the house, lest Mr. Waite should find it difficult to renew the lease on so favorable terms as heretofore.

Being thus welcomed as benefactors, neither Mr. Tiffany nor myself felt any scruple in doing full justice to the good 25 things that were set before us. If the feast were less magnificent than those same panelled walls had witnessed in a by-gone century, — if mine host presided with somewhat less of state than might have befitted a successor of the royal governors, — if the guests made a less imposing show

than the bewigged and powdered and embroidered dignitaries, who erst<sup>o</sup> banqueted at the gubernatorial table, and now sleep, within their armorial tombs<sup>o</sup> on Copp's Hill, or round King's Chapel,<sup>o</sup> — yet never, I may boldly say, did a more comfortable little party assemble in the Province 5 House, from Queen Anne's days to the Revolution. The occasion was rendered more interesting by the presence of a venerable personage, whose own actual reminiscences went back to the epoch of Gage and Howe, and even supplied him with a doubtful anecdote or two of Hutchinson.<sup>o</sup> He was 10 one of that small, and now all but extinguished, class, whose attachment to royalty, and to the colonial institutions and customs that were connected with it, had never yielded to the democratic heresies of after times. The young queen of Britain has not a more loyal subject in her realm — per- 15 haps not one who would kneel before her throne with such reverential love — as this old grandsire, whose head has whitened beneath the mild sway of the Republic, which still, in his mellow moments,<sup>o</sup> he terms a usurpation. Yet prejudices so obstinate have not made him an ungentle or 20 impracticable companion. If the truth must be told, the life of the aged loyalist has been of such a scrambling and unsettled character, — he has had so little choice of friends, and been so often destitute of any, — that I doubt whether he would refuse a cup of kindness with either Oliver Crom- 25 well or John Hancock,<sup>o</sup> — to say nothing of any democrat now upon the stage. In another paper of this series I may perhaps give the reader a closer glimpse of his portrait.

Our host, in due season, uncorked a bottle of Madcira, of such exquisite perfume and admirable flavor that he surely 30 must have discovered it in an ancient bin, down deep beneath the deepest cellar, where some jolly old butler stored away the Governor's choicest wine, and forgot to reveal the secret on his death-bed. Peace to his red-nosed ghost,<sup>o</sup> and a liba-

tion to his memory ! This precious liquor was imbibed by Mr. Tiffany with peculiar zest ; and after sipping the third glass, it was his pleasure to give us one of the oddest legends<sup>o</sup> which he had yet raked from the storehouse where  
5 he keeps such matters. With some suitable adornments from my own fancy, it ran pretty much as follows : —

Not long after Colonel Shute<sup>o</sup> had assumed the government of Massachusetts Bay, now nearly a hundred and twenty years ago,<sup>o</sup> a young lady of rank and fortune arrived  
10 from England, to claim his protection as her guardian. He was her distant relative, but the nearest who had survived the gradual extinction of her family ; so that no more eligible shelter could be found for the rich and high-born Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe than within the Province House of a  
15 transatlantic colony. The consort of Governor Shute, moreover, had been as a mother to her childhood, and was now anxious to receive her, in the hope that a beautiful young woman would be exposed to infinitely less peril from the primitive society of New England than amid the artifices  
20 and corruptions of a court. If either the Governor or his lady had especially consulted their own comfort, they would probably have sought to devolve the responsibility on other hands ; since, with some noble and splendid traits of character, Lady Eleanore was remarkable for a harsh, unyielding  
25 pride, a haughty consciousness of her hereditary and personal advantages, which made her almost incapable of control. Judging from many traditionary anecdotes, this peculiar temper was hardly less than a monomania<sup>o</sup> ; or, if the acts which it inspired were those of a sane person, it seemed due  
30 from Providence that pride so sinful<sup>o</sup> should be followed by as severe a retribution. The tinge of the marvellous, which is thrown over so many of these half-forgotten legends, has probably imparted an additional wildness to the strange  
story<sup>o</sup> of Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe.

The ship in which she came passenger<sup>o</sup> had arrived at Newport,<sup>o</sup> whence Lady Eleanore was conveyed to Boston in the Governor's coach, attended by a small escort of gentlemen on horseback. The ponderous equipage, with its four black horses, attracted much notice as it rumbled through 5 Cornhill,<sup>o</sup> surrounded by the prancing steeds of half a dozen cavaliers, with swords dangling to their stirrups and pistols at their holsters. Through the large glass windows of the coach, as it rolled along, the people could discern the figure of Lady Eleanore, strangely combining an almost queenly 10 stateliness with the grace and beauty of a maiden in her teens. A singular tale had gone abroad among the ladies of the province, that their fair rival was indebted for much of the irresistible charm of her appearance to a certain article of dress — an embroidered mantle — which had been 15 wrought by the most skilful artist in London, and possessed even magical properties<sup>o</sup> of adornment. On the present occasion, however, she owed nothing to the witchery of dress, being clad in a riding habit of velvet, which would have appeared stiff and ungraceful on any other form. 20

The coachman reined in his four black steeds, and the whole cavalcade came to a pause in front of the contorted iron balustrade that fenced the Province House from the public street. It was an awkward coincidence that the bell of the Old South was just then tolling for a funeral; so 25 that, instead of a gladsome peal with which it was customary to announce the arrival of distinguished strangers, Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe was ushered by a doleful clang, as if calamity<sup>o</sup> had come embodied in her beautiful person.

"A very great disrespect!" exclaimed Captain Langford, 30 an English officer, who had recently brought dispatches to Governor Shute. "The funeral should have been deferred, lest Lady Eleanore's spirits be affected by such a dismal welcome."

“With your pardon, sir,” replied Doctor Clarke, a physician, and a famous champion° of the popular party, “whatever the heralds may pretend, a dead beggar must have precedence of a living queen. King Death° confers  
5 high privileges.”

These remarks° were interchanged while the speakers waited a passage through the crowd, which had gathered on each side of the gateway, leaving an open avenue to the portal of the Province House. A black slave in livery now  
10 leaped from behind the coach and threw open the door; while at the same moment Governor Shute descended the flight of steps from his mansion, to assist Lady Eleanore in alighting. But the Governor’s stately approach was anticipated in a manner that excited general astonishment. A  
15 pale young man, with his black hair all in disorder, rushed from the throng, and prostrated himself beside the coach, thus offering his person as a footstool for Lady Eleanore Rocheliffé to tread upon. She held back an instant, yet with an expression as if doubting whether the young man  
20 were worthy to bear the weight of her footstep, rather than dissatisfied to receive such awful reverence° from a fellow-mortal.

“Up, sir,” said the Governor, sternly,° at the same time lifting his cane over the intruder. “What means the Bedlamite°  
25 by this freak?”

“Nay,” answered Lady Eleanore, playfully, but with more scorn° than pity in her tone, “your Excellency shall not strike him. When men seek only to be trampled upon, it were a pity to deny them a favor so easily granted — and so  
30 well deserved!”

Then, though as lightly as a sunbeam on a cloud, she placed her foot upon the cowering form, and extended her hand to meet that of the Governor. There was a brief interval during which Lady Eleanore retained this attitude; and

never, surely, was there an apter emblem<sup>o</sup> of aristocracy and hereditary pride trampling on human sympathies and the kindred of nature, than these two figures presented at that moment. Yet the spectators were so smitten with her beauty,<sup>o</sup> and so essential did pride seem to the existence of such a creature, 5 that they gave a simultaneous acclamation of applause.

"Who is this insolent young fellow?" inquired Captain Langford, who still remained beside Doctor Clarke. "If he be in his senses, his impertinence demands the bastinado. If mad, Lady Eleanore should be secured from further incon- 10 venience, by his confinement."

"His name is Jervase Helwyse," answered the Doctor; "a youth of no birth or fortune, or other advantages, save the mind and soul that nature gave him; and being secretary to our colonial agent in London, it was his misfortune<sup>o</sup> to meet 15 this Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe. He loved her — and her scorn has driven him mad."

"He was mad so to aspire,"<sup>o</sup> observed the English officer.

"It may be so," said Doctor Clarke, frowning as he spoke. "But I tell you, sir, I could well nigh doubt the justice of 20 the Heaven above us, if no signal humiliation<sup>o</sup> overtake this lady, who now treads so haughtily into yonder mansion. She seeks to place herself above the sympathies<sup>o</sup> of our common nature, which envelopes all human souls. See if that nature do not assert its claim over her in some mode that 25 shall bring her level with the lowest!"

"Never!" cried Captain Langford, indignantly — "neither in life, nor when they lay her with her ancestors."

Not many days afterwards the Governor gave a ball in honor of Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe. The principal gentry of 30 the colony received invitations, which were distributed to their residences, far and near, by messengers on horseback, bearing missives sealed with all the formality of official dispatches. In obedience to the summons,<sup>o</sup> there was a general gathering

of rank, wealth, and beauty ; and the wide door of the Province House had seldom given admittance to more numerous and honorable guests than on the evening of Lady Eleanore's ball. Without much extravagance<sup>o</sup> of eulogy, the spectacle  
5 might even be termed splendid ; for, according to the fashion of the times, the ladies shone in rich silks and satins, outspread over wide-projecting hoops ; and the gentlemen glittered in gold embroidery, laid unsparingly upon the purple, or scarlet, or sky-blue velvet which was the material of their coats and  
10 waistcoats. The latter article of dress was of great importance, since it enveloped the wearer's body nearly to the knees, and was perhaps bedizened<sup>o</sup> with the amount of his whole year's income, in golden flowers and foliage. The altered taste of the present day — a taste symbolic of a deep  
15 change<sup>o</sup> in the whole system of society — would look upon almost any of those gorgeous figures as ridiculous ; although that evening the guests sought their reflections in the pier-glasses, and rejoiced to catch their own glitter amid the glittering crowd. What a pity that one of the stately mirrors  
20 has not preserved a picture of the scene, which, by the very traits that were so transitory, might have taught us much that would be worth knowing and remembering !

Would, at least, that either painter or mirror could convey to us some faint idea of a garment, already noticed in this  
25 legend — the Lady Eleanore's embroidered mantle — which the gossips whispered was invested with magic properties,<sup>o</sup> so as to lend a new and untried grace to her figure each time that she put it on ! Idle fancy as it is, this mysterious mantle has thrown an awe around my image of her, partly  
30 from its fabled virtues, and partly because it was the handiwork of a dying woman and, perchance, owed the fantastic grace of its conception to the delirium of approaching death.

After the ceremonial greetings had been paid, Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe stood apart from the mob of guests, insulating

herself within a small and distinguished circle, to whom she accorded a more cordial favor than to the general throng. The waxen torches threw their radiance vividly over the scene, bringing out its brilliant points in strong relief; but she gazed carelessly, and with now and then an expression 5 of weariness or scorn, tempered with such feminine grace that her auditors scarcely perceived the moral deformity of which it was the utterance. She beheld the spectacle not with vulgar ridicule, as disdaining to be pleased with the provincial mockery° of a court festival, but with the deeper 10 scorn of one whose spirit held itself too high to participate in the enjoyment of other human souls. Whether or no the recollections of those who saw her that evening were influenced by the strange events° with which she was subsequently connected, so it was that her figure ever after recurred to 15 them as marked by something wild and unnatural°; although, at the time, the general whisper was of her exceeding beauty, and of the indescribable charm which her mantle threw around her. Some close observers, indeed, detected a feverish flush and alternate paleness of countenance, with a 20 corresponding flow and revulsion of spirits, and once or twice a painful and helpless betrayal of lassitude, as if she were on the point of sinking to the ground. Then, with a nervous shudder, she seemed to arouse her energies and threw some bright and playful, yet half-wicked sarcasm into the conver- 25 sation. There was so strange a characteristic in her manners and sentiments that it astonished every right-minded listener; till looking in her face, a lurking and incomprehensible glance and smile perplexed them with doubts both as to her seriousness and sanity. Gradually, Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe's 30 circle grew smaller, till only four gentlemen remained in it. These were Captain Langford, the English officer before mentioned; a Virginian planter, who had come to Massachusetts on some political errand; a young Episcopal clergy-

man, the grandson of a British earl; and, lastly, the private secretary of Governor Shute, whose obsequiousness had won a sort of tolerance from Lady Eleanore.

At different periods of the evening the liveried servants<sup>o</sup> of the Province House passed among the guests, bearing huge trays of refreshments and French and Spanish wines. Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe, who refused to wet her beautiful lips even with a bubble of Champagne, had sunk back into a large damask chair, apparently overwheeled either with the excitement of the scene or its tedium, and while, for an instant, she was unconscious of voices, laughter, and music, a young man stole forward, and knelt down at her feet. He bore a salver in his hand, on which was a chased silver goblet, filled to the brim with wine, which he offered as reverentially as to a crowned queen, or rather with the awful devotion of a priest doing sacrifice to his idol. Conscious that some one touched her robe, Lady Eleanore started, and unclosed her eyes upon the pale, wild features and dishevelled hair of Jervase Helwyse.

“Why do you haunt me thus?” said she, in a languid tone, but with a kindlier feeling than she ordinarily permitted herself to express. “They tell me that I have done you harm.”

“Heaven knows if that be so,” replied the young man, solemnly. “But, Lady Eleanore, in requital of that harm, if such there be, and for your own earthly and heavenly welfare, I pray you to take one sip of this holy wine, and then to pass the goblet round among the guests. And this shall be a symbol that you have not sought to withdraw yourself from the chain of human sympathies — which whoso would shake off must keep company with fallen angels.”<sup>o</sup>

“Where has this mad fellow stolen that sacramental vessel?”<sup>o</sup> exclaimed the Episcopal clergyman.

This question drew the notice of the guests to the silver

cup, which was recognized as appertaining to the communion plate of the Old South Church°; and for aught that could be known, it was brimming over with the consecrated wine.

"Perhaps it is poisoned," half whispered the Governor's 5 secretary.

"Pour it down the villain's throat!" cried the Virginian, fiercely.

"Turn him out of the house!" cried Captain Langford, seizing Jervase Helwyse so roughly by the shoulder that the 10 sacramental cup was overturned, and its contents sprinkled upon Lady Eleanore's mantle. "Whether knave, fool, or Bedlamite, it is intolerable that the fellow° should go at large."

"Pray, gentlemen, do my poor admirer no harm," said 15 Lady Eleanore, with a faint and weary smile. "Take him out of my sight, if such be your pleasure; for I can find in my heart to do nothing but laugh at him; whereas, in all decency and conscience, it would become me to weep° for the mischief I have wrought!" 20

But while the by-standers were attempting to lead away the unfortunate young man, he broke from them, and with a wild, impassioned earnestness, offered a new and equally strange petition to Lady Eleanore. It was no other than that she should throw off the mantle, which, while he 25 pressed the silver cup of wine upon her, she had drawn more closely around her form, so as almost to shroud herself within it.

"Cast it from you!" exclaimed Jervase Helwyse, clasping his hands in an agony of entreaty. "It may not yet be too 30 late! Give the accursed garment° to the flames!"

But Lady Eleanore, with a laugh of scorn, drew the rich folds of the embroidered mantle over her head, in such a fashion as to give a completely new aspect to her beautiful

face, which — half hidden, half revealed — seemed to belong to some being of mysterious character and purposes.

“Farewell, Jervase Helwyse!” said she. “Keep my image in your remembrance, as you behold it now.”

5 “Alas, lady!” he replied, in a tone no longer wild, but sad as a funeral bell. “We must meet shortly, when your face may wear another aspect — and that shall be the image that must abide within me.”

He made no more resistance to the violent efforts of the  
10 gentlemen and servants, who almost dragged him out of the apartment, and dismissed him roughly from the iron gate of the Province House. Captain Langford, who had been very active in this affair, was returning to the presence of Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe, when he encountered the physi-  
15 cian, Doctor Clarke, with whom he had held some casual talk on the day of her arrival. The Doctor stood apart, separated from Lady Eleanore by the width of the room, but eyeing her with such keen sagacity that Captain Langford involuntarily gave him credit for the discovery of some deep secret.

20 “You appear to be smitten, after all, with the charms of this queenly maiden,” said he, hoping thus to draw forth the physician’s hidden knowledge.

“God forbid!” answered Doctor Clarke, with a grave smile; “and if you be wise you will put up the same prayer  
25 for yourself. Woe to those<sup>o</sup> who shall be smitten by this beautiful Lady Eleanore! But yonder stands the Governor and I have a word or two for his private ear. Good night!”

He accordingly advanced to Governor Shute, and addressed  
30 him in so low a tone that none of the by-standers could catch a word of what he said; although the sudden change of his Excellency’s hitherto cheerful visage betokened that the communication could be of no agreeable import. A very few moments afterwards it was announced to the guests

that an unforeseen circumstance rendered it necessary to put a premature close to the festival.

The ball° at the Province House supplied a topic of conversation for the colonial metropolis° for some days after its occurrence, and might still longer have been the general 5 theme, only that a subject of all-engrossing interest thrust it, for a time, from the public recollection. This was the appearance of a dreadful epidemic, which in that age and long before and afterwards was wont to slay its hundreds and thousands on both sides of the Atlantic. . On the occa- 10 sion of which we speak, it was distinguished by a peculiar virulence insomuch that it has left its traces—its pitmarks,° to use an appropriate figure—on the history of the country, the affairs of which were thrown into confusion by its ravages. At first, unlike its ordinary course, the disease 15 seemed to confine itself to the higher circles° of society, selecting its victims from among the proud, the well-born, and the wealthy, entering unabashed into stately chambers, and lying down with the slumberers in silken beds. Some of the most distinguished guests of the Province House— 20 even those whom the haughty Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe had deemed not unworthy° of her favor—were stricken by this fatal scourge. It was noticed, with an ungenerous bitterness of feeling, that the four gentlemen—the Virginian, the British officer, the young clergyman, and the Governor's 25 secretary—who had been her most devoted attendants on the evening of the ball, were the foremost° on whom the plague stroke fell. But the disease, pursuing its onward progress, soon ceased to be exclusively a prerogative of aristocracy. Its red brand° was no longer conferred like a 30 noble's star,° or an order of knighthood. It threaded its way through the narrow and crooked streets, and entered the low, mean, darksome dwellings, and laid its hand of death upon the artisans and laboring classes of the town.

It compelled rich and poor to feel themselves brethren then ; and stalking to and fro across the Three Hills,° with a fierceness which made it almost a new pestilence, there was that mighty conqueror — that scourge and horror of our fore-  
5 fathers — the Small-Pox !°

We cannot estimate the affright which this plague inspired of yore, by contemplating it as the fangless monster of the present day.° We must remember, rather, with what awe we watched the gigantic footsteps of the Asiatic cholera,°  
10 striding from shore to shore of the Atlantic, and marching like destiny upon cities far remote which flight had already half depopulated. There is no other fear so horrible and unhumanizing as that which makes man dread to breathe heaven's vital air lest it be poison, or to grasp the hand of  
15 a brother or friend lest the grip of the pestilence should clutch him. Such was the dismay that now followed in the track of the disease, or ran before it throughout the town. Graves were hastily dug, and the pestilential relics° as hastily covered, because the dead were enemies of the living,  
20 and strove to draw them headlong, as it were, into their own dismal pit. The public councils were suspended, as if mortal wisdom might relinquish its devices, now that an unearthly usurper had found his way into the ruler's mansion.° Had an enemy's fleet been hovering on the coast, or  
25 his armies trampling on our soil, the people would probably have committed their defence to that same direful conqueror who had wrought their own calamity, and would permit no interference with his sway. This conqueror had a symbol of his triumphs. It was a blood-red flag,° that  
30 fluttered in the tainted air, over the door of every dwelling into which the Small-Pox had entered.

Such a banner was long since waving over the portal of the Province House ; for thence, as was proved by tracking its footsteps° back, had all this dreadful mischief issued.

It had been traced back to a lady's luxurious chamber — to the proudest of the proud° — to her that was so delicate, and hardly owned herself of earthly mould — to the haughty one who took her stand above human sympathies — to Lady Eleanore !° There remained no room for doubt that 5 the contagion had lurked in that gorgeous mantle, which threw so strange a grace around her at the festival. Its fantastic splendor had been conceived in the delirious brain° of a woman on her death-bed, and was the last toil of her stiffening fingers, which had interwoven fate and misery with 10 its golden threads. This dark tale, whispered at first, was now bruited far and wide. The people raved against the Lady Eleanore, and cried out that her pride and scorn had evoked a fiend, and that, between them both, this monstrous evil had been born. At times, their rage and despair took 15 the semblance of grinning mirth ; and whenever the red flag of the pestilence was hoisted over another and yet another door, they clapped their hands and shouted through the streets, in bitter mockery : “ Behold a new triumph° for the Lady Eleanore ! ” 20

One day in the midst of these dismal times, a wild figure approached the portal of the Province House, and folding his arms, stood contemplating the scarlet banner which a passing breeze shook fitfully, as if to fling abroad the contagion that it typified. At length, climbing one of the 25 pillars by means of the iron balustrade, he took down the flag and entered the mansion waving it above his head. At the foot of the staircase he met the Governor, booted and spurred, with his cloak drawn around him, evidently on the point of setting forth upon a journey. 30

“ Wretched lunatic,° what do you seek here ? ” exclaimed Shute, extending his cane to guard himself from contact. “ There is nothing here but Death. Back — or you will meet him ! ”

"Death will not touch me, the banner-bearer of the pestilence!" cried Jervase Helwyse, shaking the red flag aloft.

"Death, and the Pestilence, who wears the aspect of the Lady Eleanore, will walk through the streets to-night, and I must march before them with this banner!"

"Why do I waste words on the fellow?" muttered the Governor, drawing his cloak across his mouth. "What matters his miserable life when none of us are sure of twelve hours' breath? On, fool, to your own destruction!"

10 He made way for Jervase Helwyse, who immediately ascended the staircase, but, on the first landing-place, was arrested by the firm grasp of a hand upon his shoulder. Looking fiercely up with a madman's impulse to struggle with, and rend asunder his opponent, he found himself  
15 powerless beneath a calm, stern eye, which possessed the mysterious property of quelling frenzy at its height. The person whom he had now encountered was the physician, Doctor Clarke, the duties of whose sad profession had led him to the Province House, where he was an infrequent guest in  
20 more prosperous times.

"Young man, what is your purpose?" demanded he.

"I seek the Lady Eleanore," answered Jervase Helwyse, submissively.

"All have fled from her," said the physician. "Why do  
25 you seek her now? I tell you, youth, her nurse fell death-stricken on the threshold of that fatal chamber. Know ye not, that never came such a curse to our shores as this lovely Lady Eleanore? — that her breath has filled the air with poison? — that she has shaken pestilence and death upon the land,  
30 from the folds of her accursed mantle?"

"Let me look upon her!" rejoined the mad youth, more wildly. "Let me behold her, in her awful beauty, clad in her regal garments of the pestilence! She and Death sit on a throne together. Let me kneel down before them!"

"Poor youth!" said Doctor Clarke; and, moved by a deep sense of human weakness, a smile of caustic humor curled his lip even then. "Wilt thou still worship the destroyer and surround her image with fantasies the more magnificent, the more evil she has wrought? Thus man doth 5  
ever to his tyrants. Approach, then! Madness, as I have noted, has that good efficacy,<sup>o</sup> that it will guard you from contagion — and perchance its own cure may be found in yonder chamber."

Ascending another flight of stairs, he threw open a door 10  
and signed to Jervase Helwyse that he should enter. The poor lunatic, it seems probable, had cherished a delusion<sup>o</sup> that his haughty mistress sat in state, unharmed herself by the pestilential influence which, as by enchantment, she scattered round about her. He dreamed, no doubt, that 15  
her beauty was not dimmed, but brightened into superhuman splendor. With such anticipations, he stole reverentially to the door at which the physician stood, but paused upon the threshold, gazing fearfully into the gloom of the darkened chamber.

20

"Where is the Lady Eleanore?" whispered he.

"Call her," replied the physician.

"Lady Eleanore! — Princess! — Queen of Death!" cried Jervase Helwyse, advancing three steps into the chamber. "She is not here! There, on yonder table, I behold the 25  
sparkle of a diamond which once she wore upon her bosom. There" — and he shuddered — "there hangs her mantle, on which a dead woman embroidered a spell of dreadful potency. But where is the Lady Eleanore?"

Something stirred within the silken curtains of a canopied 30  
bed<sup>o</sup>; and a low moan was uttered, which, listening intently, Jervase Helwyse began to distinguish as a woman's voice, complaining dolefully of thirst. He fancied even that he recognized its tones.

"My throat! — my throat is scorched," murmured the voice. "A drop of water!"

"What thing art thou?" said the brain-stricken° youth, drawing near the bed and tearing asunder its curtains.  
5 "Whose voice hast thou stolen for thy murmurs and miserable petitions, as if Lady Eleanore could be conscious of mortal infirmity? Fie! Heap of diseased mortality, why lurkest thou in my lady's chamber?"

"Oh, Jervase Helwyse," said the voice — and as it spoke  
10 the figure contorted itself, struggling to hide its blasted face° — "look not now on the woman you once loved! The curse of Heaven hath stricken me, because I would not call man my brother, nor woman sister. I wrapped myself in  
PRIDE as in a MANTLE,° and scorned the sympathies of  
15 nature; and therefore has nature made this wretched body the medium° of a dreadful sympathy. You are avenged — they are all avenged — Nature is avenged — for I am Eleanore Rochcliffe!"

The malice of his mental disease, the bitterness lurking  
20 at the bottom of his heart, mad as he was, for a blighted and ruined life, and love that had been paid with cruel scorn, awoke within the breast of Jervase Helwyse. He shook his finger at the wretched girl, and the chamber echoed, the curtains of the bed were shaken, with his out-  
25 burst of insane merriment.

"Another triumph for the Lady Eleanore!" he cried. "All have been her victims! Who so worthy to be the final victim as herself?"

Impelled by some new fantasy of his crazed intellect, he  
30 snatched the fatal mantle and rushed from the chamber and the house. That night a procession passed by torchlight through the streets, bearing in the midst the figure of a woman, enveloped with a richly embroidered mantle; while in advance stalked Jervase Helwyse, waving the red flag of

the pestilence. Arriving opposite the Province House, the mob burned the effigy, and a strong wind came and swept away the ashes. It was said that, from that very hour, the pestilence abated, as if its sway had some mysterious connection from the first plague stroke to the last, with Lady Eleanore's mantle. A remarkable uncertainty° broods over that unhappy lady's fate. There is a belief, however, that in a certain chamber of this mansion a female form may sometimes be duskily discerned, shrinking into the darkest corner and muffling her face within an embroidered mantle. 10 Supposing° the legend true, can this be other than the once proud Lady Eleanore?

Mine host and the old loyalist and I bestowed no little warmth of applause upon this narrative, in which we had all been deeply interested; for the reader can scarcely con- 15 ceive how unspeakably the effect of such a tale is heightened when, as in the present case, we may repose perfect confidence in the veracity° of him who tells it. For my own part, knowing how scrupulous is Mr. Tiffany to settle the foundation of his facts, I could not have believed him one 20 whit the more faithfully had he professed himself an eye-witness of the doings and sufferings of poor Lady Eleanore. Some sceptics, it is true, might demand documentary evidence, or even require him to produce the embroidered mantle, forgetting that—Heaven be praised—it was con- 25 sumed to ashes. But now the old loyalist, whose blood was warmed by the good cheer, began to talk, in his turn, about the traditions of the Province House, and hinted that he, if it were agreeable, might add a few reminiscences to our legendary stock. Mr. Tiffany, having no cause to dread a 30 rival, immediately besought him to favor us with a specimen; my own entreaties, of course, were urged to the same effect; and our venerable guest, well pleased to find willing

auditors, awaited only the return of Mr. Thomas Waite, who had been summoned forth to provide accommodations for several new arrivals. Perchance the public — but be this as its own caprice and ours shall settle the matter —  
5 may read the result in another Tale° of the Province House.

## OLD ESTHER DUDLEY

OUR host° having resumed the chair, he, as well as Mr. Tiffany and myself, expressed much eagerness to be made acquainted with the story to which the loyalist° had alluded. That venerable man first of all saw fit to moisten his throat with another glass of wine, and then, turning his face 5 towards our coal fire,° looked steadfastly for a few moments into the depths of its cheerful glow. Finally, he poured forth a great fluency of speech. The generous liquid that he had imbibed, while it warmed his age-chilled blood, likewise took off the chill from his heart and mind, and gave 10 him an energy to think and feel which we could hardly have expected to find beneath the snows of fourscore winters.° His feelings, indeed, appeared to me more excitable than those of a younger man ; or at least, the same degree of feeling manifested itself by more visible effects than if his 15 judgment and will had possessed the potency of meridian life.° At the pathetic passages of his narrative he readily melted into tears. When a breath of indignation swept across his spirit, the blood flushed his withered visage even to the roots of his white hair ; and he shook his clinched 20 fist at the trio° of peaceful auditors, seeming to fancy enemies in those who felt very kindly towards the desolate old soul. But ever and anon, sometimes in the midst of his most earnest talk, this ancient person's intellect would wander vaguely, losing its hold of the matter in hand, and grop- 25 ing for it amid misty shadows. Then would he cackle° forth a feeble laugh, and express a doubt whether his wits° — for

by that phrase it pleased our ancient friend to signify his mental powers — were not getting a little the worse for wear.

Under these disadvantages, the old loyalist's story required 5 more revision to render it fit for the public eye than those of the series which have preceded it; nor should it be concealed that the sentiment and tone of the affair may have undergone some slight, or perchance more than slight, metamorphosis,<sup>o</sup> in its transmission to the reader through the me-  
10 dium of a thorough-going democrat. The tale itself is a mere sketch, with no involution of plot,<sup>o</sup> nor any great interest of events, yet possessing, if I have rehearsed it aright,<sup>o</sup> that pensive influence over the mind which the shadow of the old Province House flings upon the loiterer  
15 in its court-yard.

The hour had come<sup>o</sup> — the hour of defeat and humiliation — when Sir William Howe was to pass over the threshold of the Province House, and embark, with no such triumphal ceremonies as he once promised himself, on  
20 board the British fleet. He bade his servants and military attendants go before him, and lingered a moment in the loneliness of the mansion, to quell the fierce emotions that struggled in his bosom as with a death throb. Preferable, then, would he have deemed his fate, had a warrior's death  
25 left him a claim to the narrow territory of a grave within the soil which the King<sup>o</sup> had given him to defend. With an ominous perception that, as his departing footsteps echoed adown the staircase, the sway of Britain was passing forever from New England, he smote his clinched hand on his  
30 brow, and cursed the destiny that had flung the shame of a dismembered empire upon him.

"Would to God," cried he, hardly repressing his tears of rage, "that the rebels were even now at the doorstep!

A blood-stain<sup>o</sup> upon the floor should then bear testimony that the last British ruler was faithful to his trust."

The tremulous voice<sup>o</sup> of a woman replied to his exclamation.

"Heaven's cause and the King's are one," it said. "Go forth, Sir William Howe, and trust in Heaven to bring back 5 a Royal Governor in triumph."

Subduing, at once, the passion to which he had yielded only in the faith that it was unwitnessed, Sir William Howe became conscious that an aged woman, leaning on a gold-headed staff, was standing betwixt him and the door. It 10 was old Esther Dudley, who had dwelt almost immemorial years in this mansion, until her presence seemed as inseparable from it as the recollections of its history. She was the daughter of an ancient and once eminent family, which had fallen into poverty and decay, and left its last descendant 15 no resource save the bounty of the King, nor any shelter except within the walls of the Province House. An office in the household, with merely nominal duties, had been assigned to her as a pretext for the payment of a small pension, the greater part of which she expended in adorning 20 herself with an antique magnificence of attire.<sup>o</sup> The claims of Esther Dudley's gentle blood were acknowledged by all the successive Governors; and they treated her with the punctilious courtesy which it was her foible to demand, not always with success, from a neglectful world. The only 25 actual share which she assumed in the business of the mansion was to glide through its passages and public chambers, late at night, to see that the servants had dropped no fire from their flaring torches,<sup>o</sup> nor left embers crackling and blazing on the hearths. Perhaps it was this invariable cus- 30 tom of walking her rounds in the hush of midnight that caused the superstition of the times to invest the old woman with attributes of awe and mystery<sup>o</sup>; fabling that she had entered the portal of the Province House, none knew whence,

in the train of the first Royal Governor, and that it was her fate to dwell there till the last should have departed. But Sir William Howe, if he ever heard this legend, had forgotten it.

5 “Mistress Dudley,<sup>o</sup> why are you loitering here?” asked he, with some severity of tone. “It is my pleasure to be the last in this mansion of the King.”

“Not so, if it please your Excellency,” answered the time-stricken<sup>o</sup> woman. “This roof has sheltered me long.  
10 I will not pass from it until they bear me to the tomb of my forefathers. What other shelter is there for old Esther Dudley, save the Province House or the grave?”

“Now Heaven forgive me!” said Sir William Howe to himself. “I was about to leave this wretched old creature  
15 to starve or beg. Take this, good Mistress Dudley,”<sup>o</sup> he added, putting a purse into her hands. “King George’s head on these golden guineas is sterling yet, and will continue so, I warrant you, even should the rebels crown John Hancock<sup>o</sup> their king. That purse will buy a better shelter<sup>o</sup> than the  
20 Province House can now afford.”

“While the burden of life remains upon me, I will have no other shelter than this roof,” persisted Esther Dudley, striking her staff upon the floor with a gesture that expressed immovable resolve. “And when your Excellency returns  
25 in triumph, I will totter into the porch to welcome you.”

“My poor old friend!” answered the British General, — and all his manly and martial pride could no longer restrain a gush of bitter tears. “This is an evil hour for you and me. The province which the King intrusted to my charge is lost.  
30 I go hence in misfortune — perchance<sup>o</sup> in disgrace — to return no more. And you, whose present being is incorporated with the past — who have seen Governor after Governor, in stately pageantry,<sup>o</sup> ascend these steps — whose whole life has been an observance of majestic ceremonies, and a worship of the

King — how will you endure the change? Come with us °! Bid farewell to a land that has shaken off its allegiance, and live still under a Royal government, at Halifax.”

“Never, never!” said the pertinacious old dame. “Here will I abide; and King George shall still have one true sub- 5  
ject in his disloyal province.”

“Beshrew the old fool!” muttered Sir William Howe, growing impatient of her obstinacy, and ashamed of the emotion into which he had been betrayed. “She is the very moral of old-fashioned prejudice, ° and could exist no- 10  
where but in this musty edifice. Well, then, Mistress Dudley, since you will needs tarry, I give the Province House in charge to you. Take this key, and keep it safe until myself, or some other Royal Governor, shall demand it of you.”

Smiling bitterly at himself and her, he took the heavy 15  
key ° of the Province House, and delivering it into the old lady’s hands, drew his cloak around him for departure. As the General glanced back at Esther Dudley’s antique figure, he deemed her well fitted for such a charge, as being so perfect a representative of the decayed past — of an age gone 20  
by, with its manners, opinions, faith, and feelings, all fallen into oblivion or scorn — of what had once been a reality, but was now merely a vision of faded magnificence. Then Sir William Howe strode forth, smiting his clinched hands together, in the fierce anguish of his spirit; and old Esther 25  
Dudley was left to keep watch in the lonely Province House, dwelling there with memory; and if Hope ever seemed to flit around her, still was it Memory ° in disguise.

The total change ° of affairs that ensued on the departure of the British troops did not drive the venerable lady from 30  
her stronghold. There was not, for many years ° afterwards, a Governor of Massachusetts; and the magistrates who had charge of such matters saw no objection to Esther Dudley’s residence in the Province House, especially as they

must otherwise have paid a hireling for taking care of the premises, which with her was a labor of love. And so they left her the undisturbed mistress of the old historic edifice. Many and strange were the fables which the gossips° whis-  
5 pered about her, in all the chimney corners of the town. Among the time-worn articles of furniture that had been left in the mansion there was a tall, antique mirror, which was well worthy of a tale by itself, and perhaps may hereafter be the theme of one. The gold of its heavily wrought  
10 frame was tarnished, and its surface so blurred, that the old woman's figure, whenever she paused before it, looked indistinct and ghostlike. But it was the general belief that Esther could cause the Governors of the overthrown dynasty, with the beautiful ladies who had once adorned their festi-  
15 vals, the Indian chiefs who had come up to the Province House to hold council or swear allegiance, the grim provincial warriors, the severe clergymen — in short, all the pageantry of gone days° — all the figures that ever swept across the broad plate of glass in former times — she could cause°  
20 the whole to reappear, and people the inner world of the mirror with shadows of old life. Such legends as these, together with the singularity of her isolated existence, her age, and the infirmity that each added winter flung upon her, made Mistress Dudley the object both of fear and pity ; and  
25 it was partly the result of either sentiment that, amid all the angry license of the times, neither wrong nor insult ever fell upon her unprotected head. Indeed, there was so much haughtiness in her demeanor towards intruders, among whom she reckoned all persons acting under the new authorities,  
30 that it was really an affair of no small nerve° to look her in the face. And to do the people justice, stern republicans° as they had now become,\* they were well content that the old gentlewoman, in her hoop petticoat° and faded embroidery, should still haunt the palace of ruined pride and overthrown

power, the symbol° of a departed system, embodying a history in her person. So° Esther Dudley dwelt year after year in the Province House, still reverencing all that others had flung aside, still faithful to her King, who, so long as the venerable dame yet held her post, might be said to retain 5 one true subject in New England, and one spot of the empire that had been wrested from him.

And did she dwell there in utter loneliness? Rumor said,° not so. Whenever her chill and withered heart desired warmth, she was wont to summon a black slave° of Gov- 10 ernor Shirley's from the blurred mirror and send him in search of guests who had long ago been familiar in those deserted chambers. Forth went the sable messenger, with the starlight or the moonshine gleaming through him, and did his errand in the burial ground, knocking at the iron 15 doors of tombs, or upon the marble slabs that covered them, and whispering to those within: "My mistress, old Esther Dudley, bids you to the Province House at midnight." And punctually as the clock of the Old South told twelve° came the shadows of the Olivers,° the Hutchinsons, the Dudleys, all 20 the grandees of a by-gone generation, gliding beneath the portal° into the well-known mansion, where Esther mingled with them as if she likewise were a shade.° Without vouching for the truth of such traditions, it is certain that Mistress Dudley sometimes assembled a few of the staunch, 25 though crestfallen, old Tories, who had lingered in the rebel town during those days of wrath and tribulation. Out of a cobwebbed bottle, containing liquor that a Royal Governor might have smacked his lips over, they quaffed healths to the King, and babbled° treason to the Republic, feeling as 30 if the protecting shadow of the throne° were still flung around them. But, draining the last drops of their liquor, they stole timorously homeward, and answered not again,° if the rude mob reviled them in the street.

Yet Esther Dudley's most frequent and favored guests were the children of the town. Towards them she was never stern. A kindly and loving nature, hindered elsewhere from its free course by a thousand rocky prejudices,<sup>o</sup> 5 lavished itself upon these little ones. By bribes of gingerbread of her own making, stamped with a royal crown, she tempted their sunny sportiveness beneath the gloomy portal of the Province House, and would often beguile them to spend a whole play-day there, sitting in a circle round the 10 verge of her hoop petticoat, greedily attentive to her stories of a dead world.<sup>o</sup> And when these little boys and girls stole forth again from the dark, mysterious mansion, they went bewildered, full of old feelings that graver people had long ago forgotten, rubbing their eyes at the world around them 15 as if they had gone astray into ancient times, and become children of the past.<sup>o</sup> At home, when their parents asked where they had loitered such a weary while, and with whom they had been at play, the children would talk of all the departed worthies<sup>o</sup> of the Province, as far back as Governor Belcher and the haughty dame of Sir William Phipps. 20 It would seem as though they had been sitting on the knees of these famous personages, whom the grave had hidden for half a century,<sup>o</sup> and had toyed with the embroidery of their rich waistcoats, or roguishly pulled the long curls of their 25 flowing wigs. "But Governor Belcher has been dead this many a year," would the mother say to her little boy. "And did you really see him at the Province House?" "Oh, yes, dear mother! yes!" the half-dreaming child would answer. "But when old Esther had done speaking 30 about him he faded away out of his chair." Thus, without affrighting her little guests, she led them by the hand into the chambers of her own desolate heart, and made childhood's fancy discern the ghosts that haunted there.

Living<sup>o</sup> so continually in her own circle of ideas, and

never regulating her mind by a proper reference to present things, Esther Dudley appears to have grown partially crazed.<sup>o</sup> It was found that she had no right sense of the progress and true state of the Revolutionary War, but held a constant faith that the armies of Britain were victorious 5 on every field, and destined to be ultimately triumphant. Whenever the town rejoiced for a battle won by Washington,<sup>o</sup> or Gates, or Morgan, or Greene, the news, in passing through the door of the Province House, as through the ivory gate of dreams, became metamorphosed into a strange 10 tale of the prowess of Howe, Clinton, or Cornwallis. Sooner or later it was her invincible belief the colonies would be prostrate at the footstool of the King. Sometimes she seemed to take for granted that such was already the case. On one occasion, she startled the towns-people by 15 a brilliant illumination of the Province House, with candles at every pane of glass, and a transparency<sup>o</sup> of the King's initials and a crown of light in the great balcony window. The figure of the aged woman in the most gorgeous of her mildewed<sup>o</sup> velvets and brocades was seen passing from 20 casement to casement, until she paused before the balcony, and flourished a huge key above her head. Her wrinkled visage actually gleamed with triumph, as if the soul within her were a festal lamp.

"What means this blaze of light? What does old 25 Esther's joy portend?" whispered a spectator. "It is frightful to see her gliding about the chambers, and rejoicing there without a soul to bear her company."

"It is as if she were making merry in a tomb," said another. 30

"Pshaw! It is no such mystery," observed an old man, after some brief exercise of memory. "Mistress Dudley is keeping jubilee for the King of England's birthday."<sup>o</sup>

Then the people laughed aloud, and would have thrown

mud against the blazing transparency of the King's crown and initials,<sup>o</sup> only that they pitied the poor old dame, who was so dismally triumphant amid the wreck and ruin of the system to which she appertained.

5 Oftentimes it was her custom to climb the weary staircase<sup>o</sup> that wound upward to the cupola,<sup>o</sup> and thence strain her dimmed eyesight seaward and countryward, watching for a British fleet, or for the march of a grand procession, with the King's banner floating over it. The passengers in  
10 the street below would discern her anxious visage, and send up a shout, "When the golden Indian on the Province House shall shoot his arrow, and when the cock on the Old South spire shall crow, then look for a Royal Governor again!" — for this had grown a byword through the town.  
15 And at last, after long, long years, old Esther Dudley knew, or perchance she only dreamed, that a Royal Governor was on the eve of returning to the Province House, to receive the heavy key which Sir William Howe had committed to her charge. Now it was the fact that intelligence bearing some  
20 faint analogy to Esther's version of it was current among the towns-people. She set the mansion in the best order that her means allowed, and, arraying herself in silks and tarnished gold, stood long before the blurred mirror to admire her own magnificence. As she gazed, the gray and  
25 withered lady moved her ashen lips, murmuring half aloud, talking to shapes that she saw within the mirror, to shadows of her own fantasies, to the household friends of memory, and bidding them rejoice with her and come forth to meet the Governor. And while absorbed in this communion,  
30 Mistress Dudley heard the tramp of many footsteps in the street, and, looking out at the window, beheld what she construed as the Royal Governor's arrival.

"O happy day! O blessed, blessed hour!" she exclaimed.

"Let me but bid him welcome within the portal, and my  
35 task in the Province House, and on earth, is done!"

Then with tottering feet, which age and tremulous joy caused to tread amiss, she hurried down the grand staircase, her silks sweeping and rustling as she went, so that the sound was as if a train of spectral courtiers were thronging from the dim mirror. And Esther Dudley fancied that as 5 soon as the wide door should be flung open, all the pomp and splendor of by-gone times would pace majestically into the Province House, and the gilded tapestry of the past would be brightened by the sunshine of the present. She turned the key — withdrew it from the lock — unclosed the 10 door — and stepped across the threshold. Advancing up the court-yard appeared a person of most dignified mien, with tokens, as Esther interpreted them, of gentle blood, high rank, and long-accustomed authority, even in his walk and every gesture. He was richly dressed, but wore a 15 gouty shoe, which, however, did not lessen the stateliness of his gait. Around and behind him were people in plain civic dresses, and two or three war-worn veterans, evidently officers of rank, arrayed in a uniform of blue and buff. But Esther Dudley, firm in the belief that had fastened its 20 roots about her heart, beheld only the principal personage, and never doubted that this was the long-looked-for Governor, to whom she was to surrender up<sup>o</sup> her charge. As he approached, she involuntarily sank down on her knees and tremblingly held forth the heavy key. 25

“Receive my trust! take it quickly!” cried she; “for methinks Death is striving to snatch away my triumph. But he comes too late. Thank Heaven for this blessed hour! God save King George!”

“That, Madam, is a strange prayer to be offered up at 30 such a moment,” replied the unknown guest of the Province House, and courteously removing his hat, he offered his arm to raise the aged woman. “Yet, in reverence for your gray hairs and long-kept faith, Heaven forbid that any here

should say you nay. Over the realms which still acknowledge his sceptre, God save King George ! ”

Esther Dudley started to her feet, and, hastily clutching back the key, gazed with fearful earnestness at the stranger ;  
5 and dimly and doubtfully, as if suddenly awakened from a dream, her bewildered eyes half recognized his face. Years ago she had known him among the gentry of the province. But the ban of the King had fallen upon him ! How, then, came the doomed victim here ? Proscribed, excluded from  
10 mercy, the monarch’s most dreaded and hated foe, this New England merchant<sup>o</sup> had stood triumphantly against a kingdom’s strength ; and his foot now trod upon humbled Royalty, as he ascended the steps of the Province House, the people’s chosen Governor of Massachusetts.

15 “ Wretch, wretch that I am ! ” muttered the old woman, with such a heart-broken expression that the tears gushed from the stranger’s eyes. “ Have I bidden a traitor welcome ? Come, Death ! come quickly ! ”

“ Alas, venerable lady ! ”<sup>o</sup> said Governor Hancock, lending her his support with all the reverence that a courtier would have shown to a queen. “ Your life has been prolonged until the world has changed around you. You have treasured up all that time has rendered worthless—the principles, feelings, manners, modes of being and acting,  
25 which another generation<sup>o</sup> has flung aside—and you are a symbol<sup>o</sup> of the past. And I, and these around me—we represent a new race of men—living no longer in the past, scarcely in the present—but projecting our lives forward into the future. Ceasing to model ourselves on ancestral  
30 superstitions, it is our faith and principle to press onward, onward ! Yet,” continued he, turning to his attendants, “ let us reverence, for the last time, the stately and gorgeous prejudices<sup>o</sup> of the tottering Past ! ”

While the Republican Governor spoke, he had continued

to support the helpless form of Esther Dudley ; her weight grew heavier against his arm ; but at last, with a sudden effort to free herself, the ancient woman sank down beside one of the pillars of the portal. The key of the Province House fell from her grasp, and clanked against the stone. 5

“I have been faithful unto death,” murmured she. “God save the King !”

“She hath done her office !” said Hancock, solemnly. “We will follow her reverently to the tomb of her ancestors ; and then, my fellow-citizens, onward — onward ! We are 10 no longer children of the Past !”°

As the old loyalist concluded his narrative, the enthusiasm which had been fitfully flashing within his sunken eyes, and quivering across his wrinkled visage, faded away, as if all the lingering fire of his soul were extinguished. Just then, 15 too, a lamp upon the mantle-piece threw out a dying gleam,° which vanished as speedily as it shot upward, compelling our eyes to grope for one another’s features by the dim glow of the hearth. With such a lingering fire, methought, with such a dying gleam, had the glory of the ancient system 20 vanished from the Province House, when the spirit of old Esther Dudley took its flight. And now, again, the clock of the Old South threw its voice of ages on the breeze, knolling the hourly knell of the Past, crying out far and wide through the multitudinous city,° and filling our ears, 25 as we sat in the dusky chamber, with its reverberating depth of tone. In that same mansion — in that very chamber — what a volume of history had been told off into hours, by the same voice° that was now trembling in the air. Many a Governor had heard those midnight accents, and longed to 30 exchange his stately cares for slumber. And as for mine host and Mr. Bela Tiffany and the old loyalist and me, we had babbled about dreams of the past, until we almost

fancied that the clock was still striking in a by-gone century. Neither of us would have wondered, had a hoop-petticoated phantom of Esther Dudley tottered into the chamber, walking her rounds in the hush of midnight, as of yore, and  
5 motioned us to quench the fading embers of the fire, and leave the historic precincts to herself and her kindred shades. But as no such vision was vouchsafed, I retired unbidden, and would advise Mr. Tiffany to lay hold of another auditor, being resolved not to show my face in the Province House  
10 for a good while hence — if ever.

## NOTES

### DAVID SWAN

At the beginning, in his sub-title, "A Fantasy," the author lets us see what to expect in the tale which he entitles "David Swan." We are to look for something fantastic, not real. After we have read the story, we may therefore fairly ask ourselves whether we have found the element of fantasy promised at the start. We certainly have. Yet, in reading the story, though we have been conscious of the impossibility of any one's reporting as fact the things which are said to take place while David slept — since no one was there to see and hear — we have nevertheless felt that every one of the three main incidents is perfectly possible, even if they are all imaginary. Because no one was hidden up in a tree above David's head, to hear what went on below, we are not therefore inclined to throw aside this story as preposterous. One may enjoy the natural possibility of the situation, even if his cold intellect tells him that the author has not in any way provided for the possibility of reporting the incidents. Nor should we wish the author to make such careful provision as he might have made, for we have willingly let ourselves go with Hawthorne in his fantasy. The very simplicity of the plan of the story makes it pleasant reading.

In the notes below attention has been called particularly to the general structure of the tale and to the structure of its parts. "David Swan" is one of the best short selections we know of for profitable study of sentence, paragraph, and composition structure.

The teacher will be interested to see how much his pupils will gain in increased appreciation of the essentials of good composition from the study of "David Swan," and the pupils will enjoy the fantasy and, at the same time, if they analyze the structure closely and practice composition while they are carrying on the study, will increase their own skill in writing.

Page 3, line 10. **This idea.** This is an admirably constructed introductory paragraph. Notice how the four sentences are related to each other and how well the first three lead up to "a page from the secret history of David Swan."

l. 12. **nothing to do with David.** Contrast the amount of time which elapses in this story with the interval of time from Howe's departure to the coming of Hancock in "Old Esther Dudley," and from the day when the minister first donned his veil till the day of his death in "The Minister's Black Veil." On the other hand, notice that the time element in "Howe's Masquerade" is more nearly like that in "David Swan." Read all these stories through, with this in mind, before you go on with the study of "David Swan."

l. 19. **journeying.** Faulty construction. See Hart's *Handbook of English Composition*, p. 140. Hawthorne is lax in the construction of his participles. Several are misrelated, and in a number of other cases the construction is not strictly correct. Scrutinize all the participles you see. Attention may be called here to the following in the stories of this volume: "Turning," p. 33, l. 12; "Being," p. 53, l. 13; "catching," p. 67, l. 33; "having," p. 74, l. 12; "walking," p. 81, l. 1; "diving," p. 97, l. 32; "looking," p. 105, l. 28; and "Ceasing," p. 128, l. 29. Which of these may be called misrelated?

l. 20. **summer's day.** Notice that the month is not given. Compare the time element in "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe."

Page 4, line 2. **stage-coach.** Gather together all hints that you find regarding the period of the story.

l. 9. **pantaloon**s. This is to be preferred to *pants*, but *trousers* is to be used in preference to either. **striped cotton handkerchief**. What single word could be used here?

l. 14. **branches waved dreamily**. Notice how all the details of the description are selected to give this drowsy, dreamy effect.

l. 18. **While he lay sound asleep**. Observe the sequence.

l. 32. **censure, praise**, etc. Study this paragraph to see whether the items are presented in this order: censure, praise, merriment, scorn, and indifference. That is, see whether the first set of persons who passed looked on David with *scorn*, or whether instead they passed by with *indifference*, not knowing he was there. Examine the other items similarly. You will probably find the order of development to be: indifference, merriment, scorn, praise, and censure. If you do find the order to be this, can you suggest any change in Hawthorne's wording that would improve his paragraph?

Page 5, line 1. **He had slept**. Sequence again close.

l. 2. **bowled**. Have you noticed that fine carriages are nearly always said to *bowl* along? Is there any implication with regard to the kind of road, rough or smooth, good or bad? Compare p. 9, l. 34.

l. 10. **maple trees**. Maple trees are generally considered among the best of shade trees. **Why?**

l. 11. **awe**. It is a question whether a sleeper may really be said to shed "awe" around him.

l. 13. **gout**. Compare p. 92, l. 19, where the same term is used, and p. 19, l. 3, where you will find the scientific term.

l. 31. **began to feel**. This is a very true observation, that when one has done a good turn to another, one feels kindly disposed to that person. Notice that the little good deed which the pretty young girl did for David, p. 7, l. 10, disposed her favorably to him.

l. 34. **cousin's son**. A few paragraphs below he is spoken of as a "distant relative." Would you so consider a "cousin's son?"

Page 6, line 1. **a likeness.** If you have read Sir Walter Scott's good story, *The Monastery*, you may perhaps remember the following in Chapter XXXV. "The old woman to whom Halbert made this request granted it the more readily that she thought she saw some resemblance between Halbert and her son Saunders, who had been killed in one of the frays so common in the time. It is true, Saunders was a short, square-made fellow, with red hair and a freckled face, and somewhat bandy-legged, whereas the stranger was of a brown complexion, tall, and remarkably well made. Nevertheless, the widow was clear that there existed a general resemblance betwixt her guest and Saunders, and kindly pressed him to share of her evening cheer."

l. 5. **open countenance.** What connection is there between the wife's remark and what the merchant had just said?

l. 9. **Fortune.** Personification. See p. 8, l. 2, where the personification is carried out further in "her garments brushed against him."

l. 11. **only son.** What was his name?

l. 17. **persuasively.** See note on p. 102, l. 23, "sternly."

l. 21. **so very ridiculous.** Do you consider her action "so very ridiculous"? Hawthorne is here reporting in his own words what the couple would probably have said themselves if they had discussed their action together.

l. 23. **asylum.** Observe the choice of words. What words could be used instead of "asylum"?

l. 24. **Meanwhile.** The sentence beginning with this word neatly brings us back to the facts of the situation.

l. 25. **The carriage.** This paragraph begins the second main division. Note the connection between the first and second. Where does the third main division begin?

Page 7, line 22. **Her, only . . . him, only.** The sentence is skilfully balanced. Justify the unusual order of words by which "Her" begins the sentence.

l. 28. **did not trip along the road so lightly.** Why not?

Page 8, line 4. **hardly out of sight.** Notice the close paragraph sequence.

l. 6. **drawn down aslant.** By this detail, what kind of men are you led to think the two are? Compare the note on "broad brim," p. 44, l. 10.

l. 15. **winked.** Observe the special significance of this wink and leer.

l. 22. **pointed to the handle.** This is one of the best cases of connotation that one could find. What idea do you get from this mere pointing to a dagger? Notice the idea which the other of the two men obtained; he muttered the answer "So be it."

Page 9, line 6. "**Pshaw!**" In the story, he speaks quite mildly, you observe. He talks just as you might imagine the "pretty young girl" would in the same story, or the "pretty school-mistress" of "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe." One villain a few paragraphs above says "So be it," and the highly educated and refined artist in "Prophetic Pictures" uses almost the same words "Be it so." Does this seem incongruous?

l. 11. **single discharge.** Admirable connotation. It is to be hoped that you do not miss the point.

l. 16. **on their way rejoicing.** Compare Acts viii. 39, "he went on his way rejoicing."

l. 18. **murder against their souls.** Explanation is here scarcely necessary; we all know of the Recording Angel.

l. 30. **the dispersing mist.** The description of David's awakening is very delightfully managed.

l. 34. **Up mounted David.** Why does not Hawthorne say "David mounted up"?

Page 10, line 7. **Sleeping or waking.** One might print the last two sentences of the story as a separate paragraph, prefixed by **MORAL.** Do you suppose Hawthorne wrote the sketch in order to "argue a superintending Providence"? Compare the end of "Prophetic Pictures."

## SIGHTS FROM A STEEPLE

To most readers "Sights from a Steeple" will prove the least entertaining of the *Twice-told Tales* printed in this volume. A few pupils, however, charmed with the meditative tone of the old watchman's soliloquy, will like the tale best of all. It will be their especial privilege to try to show the other members of the class why "Sights from a Steeple" is worth reading. To the complaint that there is almost no "story" in the piece, such partial admirers of the watchman may remark that a thing to be interesting must not necessarily be altogether in story form. To the suggestion that the introductory paragraphs are rather dry and unintelligible, the admiring student may reply that these paragraphs will become clear if, after a first reading, one looks at them carefully and considers what kind of person the old watchman was. Finally, to the impatient exclamation that it is nonsense to pack so many Le Sages and Atalantas and Arethusas and things of that sort into a short sketch, the enthusiastic supporter of Hawthorne in all his moods may say that it is extremely profitable to learn to look up such allusions in Brewer's *Reader's Handbook*, and in the various dictionaries of proper names.

Page 13, line 1. **my reward is small.** See whether you can make out just what the reward was.

l. 10. **air ships.** Metaphor. Notice how the metaphor is continued in "the signal-guns of that unearthly squadron." Notice also the metaphor which occurs later in the paragraph, where the small clouds are likened to a group of little islands scattered about an azure sea. Instead, however, of saying that the little clouds are like little islands — which would be simile — the author says, "Yonder again is an airy archipelago."

Page 14, line 4. **a young man's visions.** Here is a touch of the

pessimistic tone perhaps natural to an old man in a position like the one the watchman has assumed.

l. 7. **In three parts.** Notice how often the phrase of place begins a sentence. Find five or six other illustrations in this story, as "On its whole extent" in the next paragraph, and "In a narrow lane," p. 18, l. 32. It is a convenient way of disposing of these phrases to put them at the beginning of the sentence.

l. 13. **the passing anger.** Analyze the figure.

l. 18. **like those of Madrid.** This reference is to be explained in connection with the reference to the "Limping Devil of Le Sage" in the next sentence. Le Sage, the famous French author, is best known by his *Gil Blas de Santillane*, two volumes of which were first published in 1715. Eight years earlier, however, he produced the satirical romance, *Le Diable boiteux*, which is generally translated "The Devil on Two Sticks," but which may be called "The Lamé Devil," or "The Limping Devil," as Hawthorne renders it. This book was very popular on its first appearance in 1707. Two editions were disposed of in eight days. On the last of these days "two gentlemen entering a Bookseller's shop, demanded copies of the new Romance. A single book remained; and this being claimed by each, as first demandant, both at last drew [their swords]; and had not the Bookseller interposed, the question of right would have been settled by the sword." See p. xvii of a translation entitled *The Devil on Two Sticks*, published in 1840 by William Strange of London. In this same translation, prefixed to the story proper, are three dialogues between "Chimneys of Madrid." Dialogue I is between Chimneys A and B; Dialogue II, between Chimneys C and D; Dialogue III, between Chimneys E and F. We quote a little toward the end of the first dialogue, to illustrate Hawthorne's "in smoky whispers": —

A. "Come, let us put an end to this conversation. One may easily perceive that you are a chimney belonging to a change broker. You are a tasteless, insipid creature, and ignorant in the superla-

tive degree, of everything concerning literature ; your narrow genius does not reach beyond a sum in addition ; and I am ready to hang myself for having been so free with you as I have been."

B. "What, do you insult me in return for my showing such concern for your misfortunes?"

A. "Is that showing concern for one's misfortunes, to commend those who are the cause of them? Go, once more, I tell you ; you are as great a dunce as him you belong to."

These dialogues are lacking in an interesting old volume, the title-page of which contains the following: "The Devil on Two Sticks, Translated from the Last Paris Edition, very much Enlarged. Adorned with Cutts. London, 1729. Printed for J. Tonson in the Strand." These "cutts" are worth looking at. It will repay a visit to the Astor Library, on Astor Place, New York, to get a glimpse of this quaint, yellow-stained old volume. A later Paris edition of 1872, in the Astor Library, also lacks these introductory dialogues ; but you can easily find them in the 1840 edition.

l. 24. **spiritualized Paul Pry.** What is the significance of the adjective "spiritualized" here? See *Century Dictionary of Names* for an explanation of "Paul Pry."

Page 15, line 4. **these green citizens.** Observe the whimsical figurative idea.

l. 7. **a single passenger.** Here a slight narrative theme is introduced. When, later in the paragraph, two pretty girls are mentioned, the reader is prepared for something of a "story." Narrate the incident of the two girls, the young man, and the old man.

l. 8. **a pocket spyglass.** Compare p. 17, l. 11, "as slight differences are scarcely perceptible from a church spire." If, through the glass, the watchman could see that the young man was "bending his eyes to the pavement and sometimes raising them," and that, in one of the two young ladies, there was a "treasure of gentle fun," ought he not to have been able easily to tell the difference between boys and men?

l. 17. for the present. A hint that this young man is to be mentioned again.

l. 21. A summer ramble. Are there any less direct indications of the season? With regard to the use of the word *ramble*, compare note on the same word in "Prophetic Pictures," p. 35, l. 16.

l. 27. I may look elsewhere. The transition is very deftly managed. Though, from the nature of this tale, not so much may be learned about composition as from the more systematic "David Swan," a good deal may nevertheless be gained from observing how the author has dealt with the extremely simple theme he has chosen,—sights from a steeple, what a watchman sees from a tower. Notice how the old man views the general landscape first, and then examines the town more particularly. With what does he end his view?

l. 29. contrast to the quiet scene. Do you feel much difference in tone between this paragraph and the one preceding? Do you get any lively sense of the bustling activity on the wharf? By what means could the scene have been described more vividly? Rewrite the description as vividly and vigorously as you can.

Page 16, line 8. roughly melodious. Many different classes of outdoor laborers make more or less melodious sounds in unison while they work.

l. 14. incomparable trafficker of Pisa. In the eleventh century, Pisa was a maritime republic, one of the chief commercial powers of the Mediterranean. We know the place at the present time chiefly because of its famous leaning tower, 181 feet high, and inclining over 13 feet out of the perpendicular. For "Vincentio," see Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV, Scene 5.

l. 18. His twenty ships. That he had twenty ships is, of course, pure supposition on the part of the watchman, who did not know the merchant's name. It is a matter for interesting conjecture, by the way, who the watchman could have been. He appears not to know the people of the town.

l. 29. **Paris on the top of Ida.** Any of the dictionaries of proper names will help you to understand the classical allusion. If you cannot find it, ask your teacher of Latin and Greek.

l. 32. **three different processions.** When the first sentence of a paragraph contains an expression like this, what do you expect will be the natural development of the paragraph? Study the paragraph and see whether it does develop as you thought it would. Particularly try to determine what relation the last sentence of the paragraph has to the sentences which precede it. Is the paragraph unified?

Page 17, line 6. **be.** For careful use of the subjunctive see "were," p. 94, l. 17; p. 102, l. 29; and p. 125, l. 24.

l. 14. **leaving these.** Observe the sentence connection.

l. 17. **black and bony steed.** Note the specific adjectives. Are hearses ordinarily drawn by one horse?

l. 23. **King of Terrors.** Compare p. 102, l. 4, "King Death confers high privileges." The term "King of Terrors" is now sometimes heard in sermons.

l. 25. **Here is a proof.** Note that the proof follows. Sometimes the word *here* relates to what has gone before.

l. 34. **the lightning glimmers.** If space had not been devoted early in the sketch to a description of the clouds, we should not now be prepared, as we are, for the glimmer of lightning.

Page 18, line 1. **they lower down the coffin.** Could "down" be omitted? Compare "surrender up," on p. 127, l. 23.

l. 6. **How various.** Can you see any connection between this paragraph and the one preceding?

l. 12. **within the circle.** A similar expression occurs on p. 14, l. 7. Make a diagram showing the objects seen in the circle; in other words, make a rough map of the region round about the watchman's steeple.

l. 24. **their brooding hearts.** Analyze the figurative language.

l. 26. **twin-born flame.** A reference to the well-known theory

of the cause of thunder: viz. the coming so closely together of two clouds, differently charged with electricity, that a spark, so to speak, leaps from one to the other. This "spark" is the lightning, which comes to us more quickly than the sound produced along with it. Light travels more quickly than sound. For a more complete explanation, consult one of your science teachers. **howls.** Specific verb. Note the specificness of the language elsewhere in the tale, as later in this same paragraph, "they come *plump* against the old merchant, whose *tortoise* motion has just brought him to that point."

l. 30. **All that have a home.** Another touch of the depressed tone of the old watchman.

l. 33. **the rich old merchant.** Observe that the definite article "the" is used. Why not "a"?

Page 19, line 1. **hair powder.** See p. 16, l. 16, "with powdered hair." This is one of the touches which help to identify the old man here with the rich old merchant of a preceding page. The characters, you observe, are not named in this sketch.

l. 3. **Podagra.** Pleasantly humorous effect gained by the use of the scientific word. The ordinary term is used in the other stories of this volume. See dictionary for "Podagra."

l. 5. **my acquaintance.** In what sense were these persons acquaintances of the watchman?

l. 9. **like three sea-birds.** Simile. See also "like snowy mountain tops" and "like hallowed hopes," in the next paragraph.

l. 11. **to observe them.** Compare p. 119, l. 7, "the passion to which he had yielded only in the faith that it was unwitnessed."

l. 22. **poor lover.** With which one of the girls was he in love?

l. 24. **habiliments.** Pedantic word used to gain what effect?

l. 27. **The old man.** The paragraph connection is closer here than between some of the paragraphs.

Page 20, line 15. **gloomy as an author's prospects.** A slight hint of autobiography. Compare Hawthorne's remark in the pre-

face to *Twice-told Tales*: "The author of *Twice-told Tales* has a claim to one distinction, which, as none of his literary brethren will care about disputing it with him, he need not be afraid to mention. He was, for a good many years, the obscurest man of letters in America."

1. 20. **Rainbow.** From the semicolon to the end of the sentence the structure is periodic. A great deal, you will observe, is gained by this variation from the straightforward order. There are several other cases of effective use of the periodic structure; be on the lookout for them.

## THE PROPHEPIC PICTURES

In "Prophetic Pictures" we have one of the most obviously "moral" stories Hawthorne wrote. He aims to show that no matter if we could know beforehand what was going to happen, we would still go on and do that which seemed best to accord with our inclinations and affections. This is the moral as stated at the end of the story. The question arises whether the moral may fairly be drawn from the story itself. To examine the point, it is necessary briefly to outline the story. A young man of Boston, Walter Ludlow, engaged to Elinor (her last name is not given), thinks it would be pleasant to have his portrait painted, in company with Elinor, by a distinguished artist then visiting the colonies. The painter, who has the knack of presenting not only the features and clothes, but the essential spirit of his subjects, outdoes himself in two half-length portraits of Walter and Elinor. At the same time he makes a crayon sketch of the two in an attitude which he thinks possible, considering the characteristics of his two subjects. When Elinor sees this sketch she shrieks, and the painter warns her that it may not yet be too late to put off her marriage. Nevertheless she and Walter are married. The artist goes off on a long trip, to learn all he can from nature, and when he comes back feels that he must see again the two subjects which have been phantoms of his journey. Meanwhile, Walter's face has been growing to look more and more like the portrait, and Elinor has been growing sadder and sadder, more and more nearly assuming the expression which she bears in her picture, and has finally covered up both portraits with a heavy curtain. Just as the painter enters the room where Elinor and Walter stand together, looking at their pictures, which they happen at this moment to have uncovered, Walter seizes a knife to kill Elinor. The painter cries, "Hold,

madman!" and the husband becomes quieted, after which the author draws the moral stated above. Now the question is, can the painter by any possibility be thought of as conveying to Elinor's mind any certainty about the future. If not, how can the moral be drawn that even if we knew what was going to happen, we would still go on our own way? This question we offer for class discussion. Some members of the class may find a justification for the drawing of the moral; some may think that the moral cannot reasonably be drawn. In a study such as this, it is particularly important that each pupil read the whole story carefully before coming to class, and then consider it closely in connection with this one thought.

"Prophetic Pictures" offers several other points for class discussion, some of which are touched upon in the notes which follow. Just what influence did the pictures have on the lives of Walter and Elinor? What made Walter wish to murder his wife? Was he really a madman? Such questions as these usually bring forth different answers from different pupils, so that spirited debate may be carried on in the classroom, and oral composition unconsciously and naturally practiced. The teacher will likely think of many such opportunities for starting class discussion in connection with the study of *Twice-told Tales*. The pupils themselves will, of course, be encouraged to suggest others.

Page 23, line 1. "**But this painter!**" Note that this story begins with a bit of conversation. Compare the other *Twice-told Tales*, and see how few of them begin similarly. Observe, also, throughout the various sketches, the abundance or lack of abundance of conversation. Does Hawthorne have his characters talk to each other so freely and so naturally as the characters talk in many of the stories of the present day? Cite examples from your own reading.

1. 20. **Boston.** Observe how the author has unobtrusively in-

roduced the place setting, Boston. From the first few pages are you able to get any idea as to the time of the story?

Page 23, *note*. anecdote of Stuart. "The following anecdote was related to us by Judge Hopkinson. Lord Mulgrave, whose name was *Phipps*, employed Stuart to paint the portrait of his brother, General Phipps, previous to his going abroad. On seeing the picture, which he did not until it was finished, Mulgrave exclaimed, 'What is this?—this is very strange!' and stood gazing at the portrait. 'I have painted your brother as I saw him,' said the artist. 'I see insanity in that face,' was the brother's remark. The general went to India, and the first account his brother had of him was that of suicide from insanity. He went mad and cut his throat. It is thus that the real portrait painter dives into the recesses of his sitters' [for sitter's] mind, and displays strength or weakness upon the surface of his canvas." William Dunlap's *History of the Arts of Design in the United States*, Vol. I, p. 187. New York, 1834, George P. Scott & Co., Printers, 33 Ann Street.

Gilbert C. Stuart, the painter referred to above, was an interesting figure in the art circles of the end of the eighteenth century. Edward Eggleston in *The Household History of the United States and its People*, p. 382, says, "Stuart may almost be considered the father of American Art." His portrait of Washington was a favorite with Hawthorne. Dunlap, in the book from which Hawthorne caught the suggestion for "The Prophetic Pictures," says further with regard to Stuart's peculiar gift, "He seemed to dive into the thoughts of men—for they were made to rise, and to speak on the surface. In his happier efforts, no one ever surpassed him in embodying these transient apparitions of the soul." Dunlap tells of an outburst of Stuart's when he was painting the portraits of a man and his wife, neither of whom would be satisfied with the picture of the other. Losing patience, Stuart jumped up, took a big pinch of snuff, angrily paced up and down the room, and then

burst out, "What a business is this of a portrait-painter — you bring him a *potato*, and expect he will paint you a peach." The student should note carefully how Hawthorne has worked out the germ idea which he gleaned from Dunlap's book.

Page 24, line 33. **at a later period than this.** To what period does the word "this" refer?

Page 25, line 30. **in the colonies.** A suggestion of the time of the story. As early as 1775, two notable painters, Stuart and West, had appeared in the colonies. See Johnston's *High School History of the United States*, revised by MacDonald, p. 117, and Dunlap's book referred to above.

Page 26, line 19. **eve of marriage.** Not to be taken literally. A number of days intervened before the marriage took place.

l. 31. **Governor Burnett.** How is the time of the story further limited by this reference? Look up William Burnett in one of the dictionaries of biography.

Page 27, line 4. **John Winslow.** At what time was he a "very young man"? Find out the dates of his birth and death from a biographical dictionary.

l. 14. **bearded Saints.** What saints were these? Does the author mention their names?

l. 29. **very sorrowfully.** Examine any prints you can find of the Virgin Mary, and see whether the usual expression is not one of sadness or sorrowfulness. The Madonna is often referred to as "Our Lady of Sorrow."

Page 27, line 33. **Rev. Dr. Colman.** See "Old News" in *Snow Image and Other Twice-told Tales*. Dr. Colman in "Old News" is trying to raise a fund for the support of missionaries among the Indians of Massachusetts Bay colony.

Page 28, line 11. **picturesque.** This story has only four active characters, of whom but two are named, Walter Ludlow and Elinor. The two other active characters are the painter, and the servant who admitted him to Walter's home. A few other characters are

dimly seen, viz. the minister, Dr. Colman, and the various persons who viewed the pictures. There is almost no description even of the three principal persons, Walter, Elinor, and the artist. We do not know, for example, whether Elinor was golden-haired or black-haired, whether she wore glasses or not. See note on "a fine, smart girl," p. 50, l. 31. Even of the painter there is only a slight description, including the mention of the "picturesque though careless arrangement of his rich dress." The persons, in brief, are vaguely drawn and purposely so. Contrast the quite extended descriptions of Wamba and Gurth in *Ivanhoe*. Why this difference between Scott's method and Hawthorne's?

Page 29, line 7. **prophetic**. First hint with regard to what is coming. Notice carefully whether Hawthorne does really have his artist paint Walter Ludlow and Elinor in "any act or situation."

Page 30, line 13. **mysterious interest**. Is there nowadays the same "mysterious interest" in portraits? If you think there is, mention examples. If you think there is not, see whether you can hit on a reason why there should be less mystery to-day about having one's portrait made than there was in the eighteenth century.

l. 34. **crayon sketch**. Compare with "prophetic," above. Be noticing the purpose of the author in introducing the crayon sketch. Has it as much mystery about it as the separate portraits?

Page 32, line 22. **apart**. The strict rhetorician would say that this is not a happy use of "apart." Look in the dictionaries and see whether the purist is justified in saying that Hawthorne ought to have written *aside* here.

l. 34. **Turning**. Misrelated participle. Compare p. 67, l. 33.

Page 33, line 9. **a shriek**. Why was a shriek upon her lips? What did she see in the sketch? What were the actions of the two figures? Did Walter see the sketch? Notice that this detail regarding the crayon sketch is an addition to the idea Hawthorne obtained from Dunlap's anecdote about the painter Stuart.

l. 12. **Turning.** Compare the construction of the same word above. By comparing the two, you may be able to see once for all the rhetorical fault that you should avoid when you use participles. See note on "Being a funny rogue," p. 53, l. 13.

l. 23. **After the marriage.** Why does not the author devote space to some account of the marriage? Why does he not tell, for instance, who married them, what persons were present, how the rooms were decorated, and so on? Learn, like Hawthorne, to stick to the point in writing.

Page 35, line 3. **silver cascade of the Crystal Hills.** To find out whether or not this is a real place consult such a work as the *Century Atlas*, Lippincott's *Gazetteer*, or any large geography or atlas that you have at your disposal in the school library. Does it make any difference in the story whether the place is real or imaginary?

l. 4. **New England's loftiest mountain.** From your study of geography do you remember the name of this mountain? Why does not Hawthorne use the name here?

l. 10. **hopeless pencil.** A pencil, of course, cannot literally be called hopeless. Such expressions as this are figurative. Watch your own speech to see whether sometimes you do not naturally use figurative language.

l. 16. **ramble.** Would you use *ramble* to express a similar idea? Does Hawthorne specify how much time was occupied in the ramble?

l. 26. **His portfolio.** Restate this sentence in the simplest language possible; try to make it intelligible to a small child.

l. 33. **two phantoms.** An element of mystery. Do you consider it strange that these "two phantoms" should have been "the companions" of the painter's way?

Page 36, line 11. **standard.** Compare *Marble Faun*, Vol. II, Chapter XVI.

l. 27. **airy pictures.** Notice that these words express the same

idea that is expressed in "phantoms" at the beginning of the paragraph. Tell the substance of this paragraph in a single sentence.

Page 37, line 13. **solitary ambition.** Comment on the truth of the sentence of which these words are a part.

l. 34. **interior room.** Why is this room not described? Hawthorne might have told of the number of chairs in the room, the kind of carpet, the wall decorations; instead he goes on to describe only one adornment of the room. Why does he describe this one thing? If you have any knack for illustration, draw a picture of the scene presented in this paragraph.

Page 38, line 4. **singular an interest.** Try to account for his "singular interest."

l. 14. **almost prophetic.** The author is keeping before us the theme "prophetic pictures." He has hinted that the crayon sketch was mysteriously prophetic. Now we are on the alert to see how the two portraits are also to appear prophetic.

l. 27. **the coming evil.** Hints of some evil or other have been given from the start. At this point have you any idea what the culminating evil is to be? For similar phraseology, see p. 56, l. 26, and p. 39, l. 22.

Page 39, line 5. **figures of his sketch.** We have been thus far in the dark with regard to what the attitudes of the two figures were to each other in the sketch. Now we know.

l. 7. **madman.** Whether Walter was really a madman or not is an interesting question. The passage from Dunlap which suggested the story to Hawthorne may help you to determine whether the author himself considered Walter Ludlow sane or insane.

l. 11. **like a magician.** Name and explain the figure of speech. **phantoms.** By saying that the painter stood like a magician, controlling the phantoms he had evoked, Hawthorne makes us accept at the climax what might otherwise seem entirely strained. Was it natural for the painter to cry "Hold," and for Walter to obey? Compare the statement in "Lady Eleanore's Mantle" that Dr.

Clarke had "a calm, stern eye, which possessed the mysterious property of quelling frenzy at its height."

l. 21. **deep moral.** Do you think Hawthorne wrote the story merely to point out this explicitly stated moral? The suggestions preceding the detailed notes in this story are purposed not to give you something to commit to memory, but to stir you up to independent thinking. What opinion have you now formed regarding the propriety of drawing the "deep moral" from the story?

## MR. HIGGINBOTHAM'S CATASTROPHE

Among the *Twice-told Tales* required by the New York regents for second year English (*Academic Syllabus*, Albany, 1900, p. 42), "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe" is most liked by the present editor's classes; it is easily the most popular of the group. In one class, for instance, "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe" had a majority of all votes cast, eight stories being included in the balloting. Why is it that high school pupils consider this story so particularly interesting? Some of their own reasons are good. Some like the story better than such stories as "Prophetic Pictures" and "The Minister's Black Veil," because they like the light and humorous element better than the heavier, more serious tone. This is a natural feeling. Most persons prefer that which does not depress them to that which fills them with gloom, or even slightly depresses their spirits. Again, there is more "story" in "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe" than in such preponderatingly descriptive pieces as "Sights from a Steeple." Other students like "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe" best of all because there is in it, highly developed, an element of pleasing mystery that holds the attention till the very last word. When we remember that the mystery in this story is unravelled neatly at the end, and is not accompanied by the element of discomfiting suspense, we can readily understand why "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe" is so great a favorite. In the notes which follow attention is called to various elements which make the story interesting.

Page 43, line 1. a tobacco peddler. Such peddlers have now practically disappeared from most parts of the country. Have you ever seen a tobacco peddler?

1. 2. **Morristown.** The various geographical references are, for

convenience, grouped here. Look them up to see whether they are real places. Does it make any difference whether they are or not? Parker's Falls, Salmon River, Connecticut River, New England, Kimballton, "the State," Woodfield, the Kimballton turnpike, and "my native village." Of these, which do you recognize at once as real geographical places?

1. 3. **the Shaker settlement.** Hawthorne visited the Shaker community at Canterbury, New Hampshire, in 1830. He wrote from there to one of his sisters that he had spoken to the Shakers about becoming a member of their community, but had come to no decision on the point. See G. P. Lathrop's introductory note to *The Snow Image and Other Twice-told Tales*. In the above-named volume turn to "The Shaker Bridal" and "The Canterbury Pilgrims" for Hawthorne's impressions of the Shaker settlement.

1. 10. **as I have heard them say.** Such a history as McMaster's of the people of the United States will show you what kind of people the Yankees were early in the nineteenth century.

1. 15. **performers on pipes.** This seems incredible in the light of our present-day customs, yet is true to the time of the story. Now even a very old woman who smokes a pipe is a curiosity.

1. 16. **inquisitive.** "It is almost impossible to take up a diary, written at that time [end of eighteenth century] by a foreigner, without finding some story or comment on Yankee inquisitiveness." J. B. McMaster, *A History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War*. Vol. I, p. 19, note 2.

1. 19. **name was Dominicus Pike.** Note that a good deal is told about this peddler before he is named. Why is the name not given at the beginning?

1. 21. **himself and his little gray mare.** A characteristic touch of Hawthorne's sly connotation in this story. Dominicus was so great a talker that, even though alone, he simply had to talk to himself and his horse.

1. 23. **shopkeeper.** The word "store" has in the United States largely replaced "shop." In England, however, "shop" is still the common term. Cite other cases where the English word usage differs from ours. A list may be found in Herrick and Damon's *Composition and Rhetoric*, p. 159.

1. 25. **with a sun-glass.** When did matches begin to be used commonly in this country?

Page 44, line 5. **footed it.** One of the numerous good idioms found in the story. Compare "go a pretty good jog" in the next paragraph; "down in the mouth," p. 46, l. 34; "a smart trot," p. 48, l. 1; "hue and cry," p. 48, l. 11; "at sixes and sevens," p. 50, l. 9; and "almost as lief," p. 50, l. 33.

1. 10. **broad brim.** This suggestion that the man wished to avoid being seen puts the reader in an expectant frame of mind. Big, broad-brimmed hats pulled low over the eyes always have about them an air of mystery.

1. 11. **sullenly.** "Sullenly," found in editions printed in 1842, 1851, and 1876, makes much better sense than "suddenly," found in later texts.

1. 16. **any place will answer.** Notice the accumulating details that show the peddler's inquisitiveness and loquacity.

1. 19. **solitary piece of woods.** Compare the same phrase, p. 43, l. 20. Dominicus, bear in mind, was travelling in a lonely part of the country when he met the suspicious looking tramp, yet he hailed him cheerily, bound not to let slip such an opportunity for conversation.

1. 24. **"I do remember."** Does the stranger talk naturally? Can you imagine a tramp whom you have met on the road using such formal, carefully phrased language?

Page 45, line 11. **seven-league boots.** Explain the allusion. Supposing that this stranger started the minute the reported murder was finished, he would have had to cover sixty miles in the eleven hours from eight P.M. till seven A.M. For an ordinary person to

keep up a pace of even four miles an hour for several consecutive hours requires some effort. If this stranger could walk over five miles an hour for eleven hours, he must have been a remarkable pedestrian. No wonder Dominicus was puzzled.

l. 13. **railroads.** There are a great many interesting things about the first attempts to build railroads in the United States. This would be a good composition subject. One of the ingenious early inventors, Evans, far in advance of his time, asserted that he could drive wagons by steam, on railways, at the rate of *fifteen* miles an hour. How fast does the Empire State Express now go?

l. 17. **our friend.** A stock phrase used in stories. It does not necessarily imply any particular friendliness on the part of author or reader to the character in the story.

l. 23. **quite a respectable narrative.** The author has deftly justified the peddler's giving way to his talkativeness; Dominicus made up his story simply because he had to, in order to satisfy his eager audiences. It is in little touches of humor like this that Hawthorne excels.

l. 32. **as close as a vice.** Is this comparison effective? If you have never seen a vice, hunt up a carpenter or machinist in your neighborhood, and ask him to let you see a vice work.

l. 33. **pretty niece.** Do you suppose she is going to have any special part later in the story?

Page 46, line 2. **tavern.** A word now going out of use. Your father may perhaps be familiar with it; it was commonly employed a generation or two ago.

l. 8. **elderly farmer.** This incident of the farmer and the peddler is most admirably narrated. The quiet humor of it all is decidedly pleasing. The way in which the elderly farmer deliberately waited till Dominicus had finished his largely manufactured tale, the calm way in which he pulled his chair right up under Dominicus's nose and then placidly blew vile tobacco into poor Pike's nostrils, the peddler's hasty dropping of his half-burnt cigar,

the farmer's quizzical "I guess he'd have mentioned" — all these make this incident enjoyable, no matter how many times one reads it.

Page 47, line 1. **sad resurrection.** Do you share with Dominicus in his sadness, or are you glad that he was put out of countenance by the farmer?

l. 6. **suspension.** Note the meaning. What other word could have been used? What effect is gained by the use of "suspension" that would not be gained if the ordinary word were used here?

l. 10. **summer dawn.** The season of the year is definitely stated. Notice other places in the story where the season is only suggested, as on p. 52, l. 5, "commencement week." Observe, however, that the month is not specifically mentioned, nor is the year.

l. 16. **bundle over his shoulder.** Just the same on p. 44, l. 2. Notice the main divisions of this story. Where does the introduction close and the first main division begin? With what does the first main division of the story deal? the second? the third? Where does the second main division end?

l. 30. **folks.** See Herrick and Damon, *Composition and Rhetoric*, p. 160, where it is said that a careful American writer will not use "folks" for family. Hawthorne intentionally uses a colloquial word here.

l. 33. **interrupted himself.** Observe the hint that possibly he had something to do with a murder. Hawthorne intended that the reader should be puzzled at this point to know how the story is going to turn out.

Page 48, line 1. **stared.** More intelligible than "started," found in the later texts.

l. 3. **Tuesday night.** There are in the *Twice-told Tales* few time references so definite as this. See note on "summer dawn," above.

l. 17. **come to life a second time.** Compare "sad resurrection," p. 47, l. 1.

1. 18. **With these meditations.** In this story, as in the others, notice the connection of thought from paragraph to paragraph. It is ordinarily very close. The paragraphs are dovetailed together. Notice the paragraph that follows, beginning "The story ran through the town," and the second paragraph preceding, which begins "Scarcely had the yellow man spoken." These are good illustrations of Hawthorne's method of paragraph connection.

1. 21. **slitting mill.** See *Century Dictionary*.

1. 26. **hostler.** Printed "ostler" in all the early editions.

1. 29. **son of Erin.** How does an Irishman come to be called a son of "Erin"?

1. 33. **like fire among girdled trees.** Does this simile help you to understand the rapidity with which the story ran through the village? To appreciate the simile you will probably have to look up the word "girdled." One of the passages quoted in the *Century Dictionary* by way of illustration is as follows: "In forming settlements in the wilds of America, the great trees are stript of their branches, and then *girdled*, as they call it, which consists of cutting a circle of bark round the trunk, whereby it is made gradually to decay."

Page 49, line 6. **half a form.** Consult the dictionary under *form*. In the college magazine which the present writer edited for several years, sixteen pages made a form. Sometimes the foreman in the composing room would energetically demand a couple of pages more so that he might have the requisite sixteen pages and thus be able to lock up a form.

1. 7. **double pica.** This is double pica type.

1. 8. **emphasized with capitals.** The enormous "scare-heads" resorted to in some of the metropolitan newspapers are but a carrying to the extreme of the idea of unusual display in type familiar in Hawthorne's time.

1. 11. **number of thousand dollars.** The details evolved from the vivid imaginations of writers in the office of the Parker's Falls Gazette are not the least interesting part of the story. Observe that previously, when Dominicus made a story a half hour long about the murder, Hawthorne tells us nothing about what the peddler added from his own imagination. Now that the story has gone into print, it is proper to tell the details. Enumerate these details and tell which one interests you most.

1. 17. **ballad.** See dictionary. In your English course you will read several poems written in the ballad style. **selectmen.** Here is a composition subject—New England selectmen of the early nineteenth century.

1. 22. **whole population.** How large was this population? See two paragraphs below in the story.

1. 27. **out of respect to the deceased.** Another of the playful touches of Hawthorne's characteristic humor.

1. 31. **town pump.** Read Hawthorne's sketch, "A Rill from the Town Pump."

Page 50, line 1. **like a field preacher.** Is this a simile? The field preachers, such as Whitefield and Asbury, had a remarkable influence in the early days. They went about from place to place, preaching mostly in the open air. Compare Chambers's *Encyclopædia*, "During a long life of almost incessant labour, it is estimated by his [Asbury's] biographer that he travelled about 270,000 miles (mostly on horseback), preached about 16,500 sermons, and ordained more than 4,000 preachers. He died at Richmond, Virginia, March 31, 1816."

1. 2. **mail stage.** The arrival of the mail, whether by stage or by train, is always an event in the villager's day. Have you seen any of Frost's pictures of such scenes?

1. 16. **the other a young lady.** Observe the author's sly thrust here. This is a good example of connotation. Beside what is actually said, the author suggests something that he does not say. In this case what does he intimate or suggest?

l. 19. **bawled the mob.** The specific verb helps to give the excitement of the scene. **coroner's verdict.** What are a coroner's duties?

l. 27. **a large, red pocket-book.** Why did the lawyer produce this? Does this lawyer seem to you to show characteristics that you naturally think of as belonging to a lawyer?

l. 29. **female tongue.** Another little thrust of Hawthorne's. There is no malice in this author's pleasantry.

l. 31. **fine, smart girl.** Describe Miss Higginbotham. Do you know whether she was tall or short, thin or fleshy, dark-haired or blonde? Could a dark complexioned girl be spoken of as "rosy"? With regard to the vague descriptions of characters in another of the stories, "Prophetic Pictures," see note on "picturesque," p. 28, l. 11.

Page 51, line 2. **to the shopkeepers.** In a preceding paragraph, the author said that the whole population consisted of shopkeepers, boarding-house keepers, factory girls, millmen, and schoolboys. Which of these does the lawyer appear to have ignored in his address to the people?

l. 6. **three o'clock this morning.** Compare p. 50, l. 4, "It had travelled all night, and must have shifted horses at Kimballton, at three in the morning."

l. 8. **perpetrated.** Why do we nearly always speak of murders as "perpetrated"? The word occurs four or five times in this story. Why not say "committed" or "performed"?

l. 11. **Connecticut courts.** What state is the scene of this story? Compare the first paragraph.

l. 12. **ten o'clock last evening.** Is it usual to date writings so precisely as this?

l. 14. **irrefragably.** This somewhat rare word is peculiarly effective here. Why?

l. 18. **after his death.** Again, one of the charming whimsicalities that help to make the story entertaining.

l. 21. **seized a moment.** See note immediately preceding, and also the note on "female tongue," p. 50, l. 29.

l. 24. **"Good people."** Is this a well-chosen beginning for her speech?

l. 31. **quite so desperate.** Still another of the pleasant touches of Hawthorne's humor.

Page 52, line 5. **commencement week.** This may possibly be a suggestion with regard to the particular time in summer. When are commencements usually held?

l. 7. **My generous uncle.** Does he seem to you really generous?

l. 16. **well worded.** Examine her speech and determine whether it is well worded and sensible.

l. 22. **wrath.** Apparently people did not like Mr. Higginbotham, and their dislike was probably due to his niggardliness. Compare, for instance, p. 45, l. 31, where a former clerk of Mr. Higginbotham's spoke of him as a "crusty old fellow, as close as a vice," and p. 54, l. 13, where we read of Mr. Higginbotham's hiring an Irishman of doubtful character because he could get him for cheap wages.

l. 28. **misdemeanor.** What is a misdemeanor in law?

Page 53, line 10. **deed of charity.** This incident of the mud-balls appeals to nearly every one's sense of the ridiculous. Is Dominicus worthy of any sympathy in his predicament?

l. 11. **However, the sun shone bright.** Analyze this paragraph closely, to see the connection of thought from sentence to sentence. For example, notice carefully how the sentence beginning "The handbills" is connected with the preceding sentence. What relation has "his heart soon cheered up" to the sentence beginning "The handbills," and to the sentence beginning "The peddler meditated"?

l. 13. **Being a funny rogue.** What does "funny" mean? Grammatically the participle "Being" depends upon "heart," so that, considered strictly the sentence produces this absurdity:

"His heart was a funny rogue." As a matter of fact it was Dominicus who was the "funny rogue." Reconstruct the sentence so as to avoid the misrelated participle.

l. 23. **Daniel Webster.** Webster's famous *First Bunker Hill Oration*, which is read in most high school English courses, was delivered in 1825, not many years before "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe" was written. This orator's marvellous presence as a speaker is often commented upon.

l. 26. **Kimballton turnpike.** In the early years of the last century there arose in Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, and other states a rage for turnpiking that spread all over the country. "In a few years a sum almost equal to the domestic debt at the close of the Revolution was voluntarily invested by the people in the stock of turnpike corporations." McMaster's *History of the People of the United States*, Vol. III, pp. 462, 463.

Page 54, line 7. **circumstantial evidence.** Look up this term and give an illustration of circumstantial as compared with direct evidence.

l. 26. **while making change.** Misrelated participle. Compare note on "Being a funny rogue," above. Reconstruct this sentence to avoid the rhetorical blemish.

l. 34. **through the dusk.** Time of day neatly indicated here.

Page 55, line 5. **eight o'clock.** The perfect coherence of this story is worthy of note. Compare p. 56, l. 7.

l. 16. **mysterious old man.** The element of mystery in "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe" obviously is very different from that in "The Minister's Black Veil," etc. See remarks above at the beginning of notes on "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe."

l. 29. **premises of Mr. Higginbotham.** Make a diagram of these premises and you will be surprised how much more readily you can understand the words of this paragraph.

Page 56, line 6. **Old Nick.** What other names are often given to this personage?

l. 7. tolled eight. Compare p. 55, l. 5, "he must always be home by eight o'clock." awful emergency. Compare note on "awful" in "The Minister's Black Veil," p. 62, l. 30.

l. 25. already guessed. Did you guess it?

l. 27. "coming event." From Thomas Campbell's *Lochiel's Warning*:—

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before."

This quotation may be traced by reference to a very useful book, John Bartlett's *Dictionary of Familiar Quotations*.

Page 57, line 2. settled his whole property. How does this accord with your previous opinion of the character of Mr. Higginbotham?

l. 7. my native village. Where was Hawthorne born?

## THE MINISTER'S BLACK VEIL

In this story we find another of the half-gloomy, obscurely mystical stories in which the young man Hawthorne seems to have felt himself peculiarly in his own element. Each person is shut off from every other person by secret sins, which, though they would possibly seem trivial in the eyes of most men, certainly form about the individual a veil which prevents the true self from being seen by human eye — this is the theme.

Page 61, line 11. **the clergyman's figure.** Note the close connection between this sentence and the one preceding.

Page 62, line 6. **being to preach.** Not in accord with present day idiom. How should we say the same thing?

l. 9. **still a bachelor.** If Mr. Hooper, about thirty years old, may be called "still" a bachelor, when does a man begin to be a bachelor? See dictionary.

l. 10. **band.** Meaning? Do ministers now wear starched bands? Compare Professor Tyler's description of the Rev. Mather Byles on the occasion of his dramatic meeting with the male members of his congregation, 1776, "He was dressed in his ample, flowing robes and *bands*, under a full bush-wig that had been recently powdered, surmounted by a large three-cornered hat." *History of American Literature*, Vol. 1, p. 193.

l. 19. **good Mr. Hooper.** Merely a general term, without any especial emphasis on the minister's goodness. Compare the same expression, p. 65, l. 3, and p. 77, l. 10. A similar use of "good" is to be observed in other stories, as for instance on p. 120, l. 15, "good Mistress Dudley."

l. 28. **hobbled.** Vivid verb. Notice how much the author gains by such specificness of language.

l. 30. **something awful.** "Awful" is used in this story in its

correct sense. Compare "An unsought pathos came hand in hand with *awe*," p. 64, l. 19; "the dreadful gloom that had so *overawed* the multitude," p. 69, l. 29; "he still showed an *awful* solicitude lest the black veil should slip aside," p. 75, l. 11; and p. 77, l. 10, "but *awful* is still the thought that it mouldered beneath the Black Veil!" The word occurs several times elsewhere in the *Twice-told Tales*, as p. 17, l. 23, "Was the King of Terrors more *awful* in those days than in our own"; p. 20, l. 5, "thunder muttering its first *awful* syllables"; p. 56, l. 16, "this *awful* emergency"; p. 92, l. 28, "an *awful* mockery"; and p. 102, l. 21, "such *awful* reverence." This usage of the word differs completely from the common inaccurate use of every day conversation.

l. 31. "**Our parson has gone mad!**" Madness is a theme introduced into several of the stories in this volume: "Lady Eleanore's Mantle," "Prophetic Pictures," and "Old Esther Dudley." In "The Minister's Black Veil" notice that the author does not himself suggest that Mr. Hooper has gone mad; it is Goodman Gray who makes the suggestion. Later in the story, p. 71, l. 9, Elizabeth meditates upon the possibility that the wearing of the black veil may be a symptom of mental disease in the minister; and on p. 72, l. 10, persons who considered the veil merely an eccentric whim attributed the wearing of it to the semblance of insanity which often tinges the actions of men who are, in the main, perfectly rational.

Page 63, line 18. **mysterious emblem.** The words "emblem," "symbol," and "type" are used interchangeably throughout the story. Collect the passages where the words occur, then look up the definitions in one of the larger dictionaries. Does Hawthorne's use agree with the statements in the dictionaries?

l. 28. **pale-faced congregation.** Here again we find Hawthorne's skill in saying things briefly.

l. 30. **reputation of a good preacher.** Our idiom would require the insertion of what word after "of"?

Page 64, line 6. **gentle gloom.** This expression aptly characterizes Hawthorne's own temperament.

l. 20. **were.** Can you justify *were* here, rather than *was*? Consider whether the author is thinking of the congregation as a unit, or as made up of individuals, each moved in his own way by the sight of the veil.

l. 32. **ostentatious.** Hawthorne connotes a good deal by this adjective. Put into words all the ideas suggested by "profaned the Sabbath day with ostentatious laughter."

Page 65, line 19. **sad smile.** This glimmering sad smile is referred to in a half-dozen different places in the story. See p. 69, l. 6, "the glimmering of a melancholy smile"; p. 70, l. 4, "Mr. Hooper's smile glimmered faintly"; p. 70, l. 32, "that same sad smile"; p. 73, l. 9, "Mr. Hooper sadly smiled"; and p. 76, l. 23, "And yet the faint, sad smile, so often there, now seemed to glimmer from its obscurity, and linger on Father Hooper's lips." These accumulating references to the sad smile help to give a tone of sadness to the story, and yet they inevitably make us sympathize with the minister in his efforts to symbolize secret sin.

l. 25. **intellects.** See dictionary. Compare "intellect," p. 114, l. 29, and "wits," p. 117, l. 27.

Page 66, line 8. **appropriate emblem.** Compare p. 63, l. 18, "mysterious emblem."

l. 15. **A person.** Who was this person? Is there any particular aim in saying merely "a person" here, and not telling who it was till the next sentence?

l. 28. **darkly.** Compare 1 Corinthians xiii. 12: "For now we see through a glass, darkly."

l. 31. **snatch the veil.** This symbolism of secret sin is insisted on throughout the story. What did the minister preach about that first Sabbath when he wore the veil?

Page 67, line 6. **That night.** Compare the opening of the next paragraph, "The next day." How much time is supposed to elapse

from the day of the appearance of the veil till the death of the minister ?

l. 24. **a whisper.** Here again the author makes a statement cautiously. He does not wish to destroy the confidence of his reader by making too preposterous statements.

l. 27. **that famous one.** Compare Hawthorne's "The Wedding Knell," another of the *Twice-told Tales*.

l. 29. **glass of wine.** Customs of the time when this story took place obviously differ from present day customs.

l. 32. **like a cheerful gleam.** Is this comparison appropriate ? What is gained by the simile ?

Page 68, line 4. **Black Veil.** Explain the figurative language. How could the earth wear a veil ? What does Hawthorne mean ?

l. 30. **deputation of the church.** What words are used later in the paragraph to express this same idea ?

Page 69, line 16. **general synod.** Suggests that Mr. Hooper belonged to what denomination ? Do you find any other hints to show the same thing ?

l. 23. **plighted wife.** Look up "plighted." Was the minister married ?

l. 25. **minister's first visit.** Does Hawthorne report all that was said and done during this visit ? Why or why not ?

Page 70, line 1. **good sir.** A formal way for a young woman to address the man to whom she was "plighted." Why this formality ?

l. 10. **Elizabeth.** Her last name is not given in the story. In "Prophetic Pictures," similarly, one of the characters is called only "Elinor."

l. 11. **a type and a symbol.** Compare p. 63, l. 18, "mysterious emblem."

l. 13. **before the gaze of multitudes.** Express this as a phrase corresponding in form exactly to the phrase "in solitude." Why did not Hawthorne say "in solitude and in public" ?

Page 71, line 18. **rushed forward.** Here Mr. Hooper is more like the conventional lover than he was on p. 70, l. 6, when he addressed Elizabeth as "beloved friend." Is there any reason for the change?

l. 28. **but once.** Why did Elizabeth demand this? Was she reasonable in asking it? Was she justified in saying "Then, farewell!" a few lines later?

Page 73, line 7. **it was believed.** Note that the author is again cautious about plunging too openly into the mysterious.

l. 11. **Among all its bad influences.** Observe how this phrase knits the parts of the story together. Enumerate the bad influences and the good influences.

l. 24. **Death.** Figurative. Compare p. 76, l. 21, "with the arms of death around him."

l. 29. **Governor Belcher's administration.** Compare p. 92, l. 27.

l. 30. **election sermon.** Election week was the true holiday season of New England, marked by a livelier mirth than Thanksgiving time. See "Old News," in another volume of Hawthorne's stories, entitled *Snow Image and Other Twice-told Tales*.

Page 74, line 6. **shedding their snows above his sable veil.** Notice the alliteration. The thought is beautifully expressed. What is the figure in "snows"? Compare "the snows of four-score winters," p. 117, l. 12.

l. 16. **death chamber.** Compare "death pillow," p. 74, l. 28.

l. 18. **unmoved physician.** Is this the same physician mentioned on p. 65, l. 25?

Page 75, line 19. **inspiration.** Notice the meaning.

Page 76, line 6. **reveal the mystery.** What do you think of the Rev. Mr. Clark's action here?

l. 31. **obscurely typifies.** In spite of the obscurity, try to state as clearly as you can the mystery which the veil typified. Compare "nebulous obscurity," p. 97, l. 10. The author does not wish to state his moral too definitely and obtrusively.

## HOWE'S MASQUERADE.

"Howe's Masquerade," the first of the Province House legends, generally proves one of the most entertaining of the *Twice-told Tales*. It particularly stimulates one's interest in things of the long ago, and rouses one to extend one's acquaintance with our early colonial history. To different pupils may be assigned different governors mentioned in the story to look up in the larger histories, such as Bancroft's. The pupils may then report to the class all that they find throwing light on the spirit and manners of these old governors. Again, some of the class should make a special study of the colonists referred to in the story: Putnam, Schuyler, Gates, Lee, Heath, Ward, and Washington. An especially fascinating study in connection with all the Province House legends is the reading of other sketches by Hawthorne on the early colonial times, such as *Grandfather's Chair*, and "Old News" and "Main Street" in *Snow Image and Other Twice-told Tales*. In the notes which follow, biographical details with regard to the governors and colonial officers are usually not given. A number of references are cited, however, to *Snow Image* and *Grandfather's Chair*.

Just as in the other *Twice-told Tales*, questions with regard to the plausibility of the story are likely to arise. Could the incidents narrated in "Howe's Masquerade" possibly have happened? In answering the question, the pupil may consider possibilities such as this: A party of colonists, genuine democrats at heart, but incapacitated for various reasons from taking part in Washington's fortifying of Dorchester Heights, might, knowing that the heights were to be fortified on a certain night, plan a part in the masquerade ball to correspond with the expected effect of the fortifications, the expulsion of the British governor. In the light of this simple and natural explanation, Colonel Joliffe's certainty

about the passing away of the governor's power would be more than an expression of his deep-seated opposition to England. It would be based on his fore-knowledge of the colonial plans. Yet, it may be suggested that the author, intending primarily to entertain, had no desire to emphasize the historical possibilities. If Hawthorne has succeeded in interesting his reader in the mysterious procession, has he not done all that he set out to do?

Page 81, line 1. **last summer.** This story was first printed in *The United States Magazine and Democratic Review*, for May, 1838. **walking.** Faulty construction. Surely the author's "eye" did not walk along Washington Street! Compare the grammatical construction of "entering," a few sentences below.

l. 2. **Washington Street.** Still one of the principal streets of Boston. On it are some of the largest retail stores of the city.

l. 4. **Old South Church.** This famous church, still standing, though no longer used as a "meeting house," was the scene of many interesting occurrences in Revolutionary times.

l. 9. **arched passage.** See note on "darksome avenue," p. 98, l. 13.

l. 18. **good Deacon Drowne.** What does Hawthorne gain by inserting this detail about the deacon?

l. 21. **Province House.** Note the method of the author's description. First the outside, then the inside. In his rambles he had often seen the old house, now he is to visit it. Naturally the visitor first notices the outside appearance, then he passes into the office of the hotel, where he finds the proprietor. He then passes about the building. Observe what parts he describes most fully. If his purpose is to tell of a masked ball in the old mansion, he will naturally describe most completely the room where the masquerade occurs. Does he?

Page 82, line 9. **wide door.** Several of the details mentioned in this first description of the Province House are repeated in the

other tales of the series, as "the contorted iron balustrade," p. 101, l. 22; "the wide door," p. 104, l. 1; "the great balcony window," p. 125, l. 18; and "the cupola," p. 126, l. 6.

Page 83, line 30. **disastrous victory.** Why called "disastrous" ?

Page 84, line 8. **to gut the whole.** According to various authorities this has since been accomplished more thoroughly even than was contemplated in Hawthorne's time. Some writers say that nothing at all is left of the old house. See Mr. Henry James's *Hawthorne*, copyrighted in 1879, "The Province House disappeared some years ago, but while it stood it was pointed out as the residence of the Royal Governors of Massachusetts before the Revolution," p. 65. On the other hand, one of the "oldest inhabitants" of Boston is authority for the statement that the old framework still remains. It will be observed that in the story itself this framework is described as being remarkably substantial, viz., of ponderous white oak. Compare note on "darksome avenue," p. 98, l. 13.

l. 28. **elderly gentleman.** The author very skilfully introduces this old gentleman and lets him begin to talk. Notice, however, that the story itself is not told in the language of the elderly gentleman, but in the words of Hawthorne himself, who attempts to gain our credence in the narrative by saying that though it is not a literal reproduction of the old legend told by the elderly person, it is on the lines of the old story, and is dressed up only so much as would conduce to the reader's delight. Compare the introductions to "Lady Eleanore's Mantle" and "Old Esther Dudley." These three introductions are models of artistic preparation for a story; they gain one's attention and interest at the beginning. They show the peculiar grace which marks off Hawthorne from other writers.

l. 33. **prescriptive corner.** Compare Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*, Chapter I, "Woman's *prescriptive* infirmity had stalked into the sunlight." Get into the habit of noticing unusual

words so that when you see them in other books you will recognize them. Words will then have associations for you, and will mean more than mere dictionary definitions.

l. 34. **Being.** The misrelated participle here causes ambiguity. Who was "of a sociable aspect"?

Page 85, line 14. **At one of the entertainments.** A number of words in this paragraph should be looked up: *beleaguered, ostentation, spectacle, annals, party-colored, merry Andrew, prototype.*

l. 15. **siege of Boston.** Began when and ended when?

l. 20. **distress.** How much "distress" was there during the siege?

l. 21. **desperate aspect.** What caused this?

l. 26. **The brilliantly lighted apartments.** Study the relation in thought between the last two sentences of this paragraph.

l. 30. **Steeled knights.** Knights in armor. Notice that each of the nouns used as subject of "were mingled" is modified by a single adjective and by a prepositional phrase: "*Steeled knights of the Conquest,*" "*bearded statesmen of Queen Elizabeth,*" and "*high-ruffled ladies of her court.*" What is gained by this parallelism of structure?

Page 86, line 3. **broadest merriment.** Notice that the gay loyalists and officers occasion broad merriment by dressing up as provincial officers in scarecrow regimental costumes. Then notice how Colonel Joliffe's stern, black, puritanical smile throws a shadow around him, in spite of which the mirth grows more boisterous. Observe, too, how, about half an hour before midnight, a new pageant is announced as the climax of the splendid festivities of the evening. What is the purpose of the description of the merry scenes that precede this pageant?

l. 11. **tall, lank figure.** Would this description apply to the real George Washington? Hawthorne admired Washington greatly. In *Grandfather's Chair*, he says, "The noble figure of Washington would have done honor to a throne"; and in *English Note-books*,

Sept. 14, 1855, "a man beside whom, considered physically, any English nobleman whom I have seen would look like common clay."

l. 19. **one of the guests.** Why are Colonel and Miss Joliffe introduced into the story? For one thing, notice how they balance for the Whig side the impression made on the reader by the Rev. Mather Byles, who, a colonist like the Joliffes, was as ardent a Tory as they were Whigs.

l. 23. **and who.** Criticise the construction of this clause. What rhetorical blemish? Compare "and whom," p. 93, l. 2.

Page 87, line 1. **sombre influence.** In striking contrast to the broad merriment of the preceding page.

l. 5. **full half an hour ago.** It is getting toward midnight, when uncanny things usually happen, and the reader is roused to expect something mysterious. Everything thus far has been intelligible and easily to be explained. We feel, however, that something different is coming. Compare p. 123, l. 19, "And punctually as the clock of the Old South told twelve."

l. 11. **Rev. Mather Byles.** In his literary history, Moses Colt Tyler says that the patriotic members of the Hollis Street Church, when they returned to their homes from the outlying villages after Howe's departure in 1776, proceeded to formulate their grievances against their pastor, Rev. Mather Byles, "a distinguished and powerful divine, but an incorrigible Tory, then just seventy years old." His answer to his deacons is very entertainingly recounted in Professor Tyler's history. In the same book an expository paragraph summing up Dr. Byles's character is of especial interest: "The traditions of his wit have, since then, choked out nearly all memory of the central gravity and strength of his character; and he stands in our history merely as a Tory punster and a clerical buffoon. His jocoseness, after all, was not the principal part of him. He jested much; and yet he was much more than a jester; he was an earnest and devout Christian minister." *History of American Literature*, Vol. I, p. 194. At a recent sale in Boston a

journal of the Hollis Street Church, kept by Dr. Byles, in his own handwriting, sold for one hundred and twenty dollars.

l. 13. **beseems my cloth.** Equivalent to "becomes me as a minister." In the next sentence "wig" and "band" refer to part of the costume then worn by ministers. "Band" here is obviously different from the same word on the next page. See also p. 62, l. 10.

l. 14. **Homeric confabulation.** See dictionary. Howe and Washington have had a meeting (p. 86, l. 16), and have talked to each other in mock heroic style. By putting the epithet Homeric into the mouth of Dr. Byles, Hawthorne now suggests that in their mock heroic conversation the two leaders talked like two of Homer's heroes, as Hector and Achilles, in the *Iliad*.

l. 29. **present abundance.** Ironical. Miss Joliffe says exactly the opposite of what she means; there was no "abundance" at all in the town.

l. 33. **lips that wore a beard.** Why does not the author say "a man"?

Page 88, line 8. **that either.** Should be "either that." Why?

l. 24. **without book.** The musicians outside were playing in the dark a tune which the British drum-major said his band could not thus play without notes.

l. 30. **A figure.** Carefully notice the different groups that make up the procession. Why does not the author let the figures pass one after another, without interruption and without definite grouping?

Page 89, line 13. **rolled-up banner.** Read Hawthorne's story of "Endicott and the Red Cross." In "Main Street," also by Hawthorne, there is a good description of the resolute, grave, yet cheerful Endicott, in his steeple-crowned Puritan hat.

l. 20. **a young man.** What were the circumstances of Sir Henry Vane's death? See Paxton Hood's *Oliver Cromwell*, p 253-255.

l. 26. **three or four others.** Why are not these three or four described in detail? For further accounts of the governors in this group of seven see other writings of Hawthorne: John Winthrop and Sir Henry Vane in "Main Street" of *Snow Image*; Thomas Dudley in *Grandfather's Chair*; Richard Bellingham in *Scarlet Letter*, p. 85, and elsewhere; John Leverett in *American Notebooks*, Vol. II, 14 and 16 Sept., 1841.

l. 28. **It was the idea.** Comment on the connection of thought from sentence to sentence in this paragraph.

Page 90, line 2. **regicide judges.** See Hawthorne's "The Gray Champion," and, for the actual facts, Green's *Short History of the English People*, New York, 1880, p. 555. See also *Century Dictionary*, under *regicide*.

l. 16. **Lord Percy.** Best remembered by Americans because he did not feel like going out to Bunker Hill with his regiment before the battle, and because he had no heart for the hazardous enterprise of attacking the colonial force which fortified Dorchester Heights.

l. 23. **these gentry.** Howe speaks rather contemptuously here, as also on p. 91, l. 10, where he says, "What worthies are these?" Yet elsewhere "gentry" is used without any touch of contempt, as on p. 128, l. 7.

l. 24. **Another group.** Observe that the groups are distinctly marked off.

Page 91, line 3. **Queen Anne's time.** Compare "Queen Anne's days," p. 90, l. 6.

l. 9. **chorus.** Howe requests Byles to tell who the various figures were. In the old Greek plays, "the *chorus* consisted of a group of persons — boys, girls, or men — who remained in front of the stage during the whole performance as spectators, or rather as witnesses. When a pause took place in the acting, the *chorus* either sang or spoke verses having reference to the subject represented, which served to increase the impression produced by the performers. At times the *chorus* seemed to take part with or

against the persons in the drama, by advice, comfort, exhortation, or dissuasion." Chambers's *Encyclopædia*. **good Doctor Byles.** See note on "good Mr. Hooper," p. 62, l. 19.

l. 16. **shall greet yet another.** Make a conjecture regarding the cause of the stern old gentleman's assurance.

l. 18. **Bradstreet.** In "Main Street" the obsequies of Bradstreet, who died at the age of ninety-four, are described.

l. 23. **Sir William Phipps.** Spelled *Phips* in Bancroft, II, 269. Hawthorne himself spells the name *Phips* in *Grandfather's Chair*, New York, 1884, p. 120. See also an article in *The Knickerbocker*, December, 1836, "Original Passages in the Life of the Celebrated Sir William Phips."

l. 26. **Earl of Bellamont.** Spelled *Bellomont* in Bancroft, II, 233 and 269.

l. 30. **funeral procession.** What the procession signified is shown here.

Page 92, line 6. **Duke of Marlborough.** Who was he ?

l. 7. **rubicund tinge.** Compare "rubicund visage," p. 88, l. 21 ; and "red-nosed ghost," p. 99, l. 34.

l. 27. **Belcher.** See "Old News," in which this governor makes proclamation against certain "loose and dissolute people" who have been in the habit of buttonholing men "on the fifth of November, otherwise called Pope's Day," and levying contributions for the building of bonfires.

l. 33. **Dudley.** Bancroft, II, 269, "The character of Dudley was that of profound selfishness."

Page 93, line 2. **and whom.** Compare note on "and who," p. 86, l. 23.

l. 3. **Burnett.** Governor William Burnett is referred to in *Grandfather's Chair*, as is also Sir Francis Bernard, mentioned by Hawthorne two paragraphs below.

l. 25. **well-remembered Hutchinson.** Why this epithet ?

l. 33. **but.** Is "but" used correctly here ?

Page 94, line 5. **hysterically.** Why does she laugh "hysterically"? On p. 87, l. 24, she had spoken "slyly," which indicated composure. Why should she be excited and nervous here? Do you feel an interest in what is coming similar to the interest which Miss Joliffe evidently feels?

l. 17. **were.** Hawthorne is careful to preserve the correct form of the verb.

l. 24. **tremulous.** Compare "hysterically," p. 94, l. 5.

l. 28. **moulding itself.** This mysterious element is, as usual in the story, introduced indirectly.

Page 95, line 9. **With a dark flush.** Why is this phrase placed at the beginning of the sentence?

l. 14. **farther.** Printed "further" in the *United States Magazine and Democratic Review*. See *The New English Dictionary* for distinction between *farther* and *further*. Compare "further," p. 96, l. 6.

l. 21. **wild amazement.** Can you conjecture who this may have been? Compare the scene in S. W. Mitchell's *Hugh Wynne*, where a colonist in Philadelphia penetrates, safely masked, into the midst of the British festivities.

l. 26. **clinchd hands.** "Clenched" in the *United States Magazine*, 1838. Compare p. 96, l. 34, "tossing his clinched hands"; p. 118, l. 29, "he smote his clinched hand on his brow"; and p. 121, l. 24, "smiting his clinched hands together."

l. 33. **knell of midnight.** How much time has been occupied by the passing of the pageant? Compare p. 87, l. 4.

Page 96, line 2. **nearer height.** Dorchester.

l. 9. **fiercely.** Observe how well this is balanced by the old colonel's "calmly."

l. 17. **shadows of the old governors.** Compare p. 91, l. 30.

l. 19. **With these words.** Note the sequence.

l. 27. **wild Indian band.** The famous "tea-party."

l. 32. **ghosts of the ancient governors.** Observe that it is

“superstition” which repeats this “wondrous tale,” not Hawthorne.

Page 97, line 4. **When the truth-telling accents.** What is the function of this paragraph?

l. 11. **nebulous obscurity.** Compare the spluttering of the light in the room at the close of “Lady Eleanore’s Mantle.”

## LADY ELEANORE'S MANTLE

In "Lady Eleanore's Mantle" we have another of the half fantastic, partly historical legends of the Province House. In this one, an obvious moral is taught in the words of the proud Lady Eleanore, who acknowledges that she had wrapped herself in her pride as in a mantle. From the start the author has pointed out her pride, and has suggested that it is to receive just punishment. To trace these suggestions is very interesting work. Again, in contrast with the pride of Lady Eleanore, is the insane humility of poor Jervase Helwyse, shown variously throughout the story. From the beginning he is spoken of as acting wildly, and, as the story progresses, he acts more and more wildly, till, at last, he leads the fantastic procession which burns the mysterious and fatal mantle. Another point of interest in the story is this mysterious mantle, which at first is rumored to endow its possessor with supernatural beauty of face and form, and which finally brings destruction of beauty to its aristocratic owner. The mantle is first said to be the work of the most skilful artist in London ; its maker is then said to have been a dying woman who transferred some of her delirious fancies to the making of the mantle ; and, finally, the mantle is said to have been made by a woman who died of small-pox. Still another point of interest in the story is the remarkably vivid description of the symptoms of Lady Eleanore's approaching disease. The feverish flush and the alternate paleness, the over-wearied air, the languid tones—these prepare the reader most artistically for the doctor's whispered consultation with Governor Shute, and for the announcement thereupon that an unforeseen circumstance makes it necessary immediately to close the festivities of the brilliant ball. Altogether, the student may learn much about the artistic management of a story by close study of "Lady Eleanore's Mantle."

Page 98, line 1. **Mine** excellent friend. Why not *my*? Compare "mine host," p. 98, l. 27, and elsewhere.

l. 6. **humble note-taker**. In this introduction, as in the introduction to "Howe's Masquerade," the author wins his reader's toleration for almost anything that may follow in the story. How does Hawthorne produce this state of mind in his reader?

l. 7. **lucubrations**. Make a list of the words in this story that are new to you.

l. 12. **Mr. Tiffany and me**. Comment on the grammar.

l. 13. **darksome avenue**. Compare "the arched passage," p. 81, l. 9, and the note on "to gut the whole," p. 84, l. 8. The "shoe shops and dry goods stores" mentioned below have, in their turn, made way for a cheap grade department store. The old front walls of the Province House were torn down, and the side walls extended out to Washington Street.

l. 14. **historic precincts**. Compare p. 130, l. 6.

Page 99, line 2. **erst**. Archaic word. Find others in this tale.

l. 3. **armorial tombs**. There was a burying-ground on Copp's Hill. Look up "armorial."

l. 4. **King's Chapel**. Frequently referred to in Hawthorne's other books, *e.g.* *Scarlet Letter*, *Grandfather's Chair*, and *American Note-books*.

l. 10. **Hutchinson**. Compare "the well-remembered Hutchinson," p. 93, l. 25.

l. 19. **mellow moments**. Observe the alliteration and the perfect choice of words.

l. 26. **Cromwell** and **Hancock**. These may be called Democrats in the broad sense. Look up "democrat" in the dictionary. Compare note on "republicans," p. 122, l. 31. Hawthorne writes about Cromwell in *True Stories from History and Biography*, and about Hancock in "Old Esther Dudley," in *The Dolliver Romance and Other Pieces*, and in the sixth chapter of the second part of *Grandfather's Chair*.

1. 34. **red-nosed ghost.** One of Hawthorne's slight, yet wonderfully effective touches of humor. A red-nosed ghost is certainly a curious conception. Compare "rubicund tinge," p. 92, l. 7. See also "hoop-petticoated phantom," p. 130, l. 2.

Page 100, line 4. **oddest legends.** By his conciliatory tone of apology for what is out of the track of easily comprehensible literalness, Hawthorne carries us trustingly along with him. We suspend judgment for the moment, and accept as real what we know to be fantastic.

1. 7. **Colonel Shute.** See p. 93, l. 1, where Governor Shute is one of the figures in the procession.

1. 9. **a hundred and twenty years ago.** From when?

1. 28. **monomania.** It is not necessary to conclude that the author wishes us to consider both Jervase and Eleanore insane.

1. 30. **pride so sinful.** One of the passages suggesting what kind of conclusion we may expect. Gather together all such passages.

1. 34. **strange story.** Tell as much of this story as the author relates.

Page 101, line 1. **came passenger.** Idiom.

1. 2. **Newport.** How far from Boston?

1. 6. **Cornhill.** "Cornhill, as the lower part of Washington Street was then called." *Grandfather's Chair*, edition of 1884, p. 206. See also "The Gray Champion" of *Twice-told Tales*, and "Dr. Bullivant" of *Dolliver Romance and Other Pieces*.

1. 17. **magical properties.** Compare "spell," p. 113, l. 28.

1. 29. **calamity.** See note on "pride so sinful," p. 100, l. 30.

Page 102, line 2. **famous champion.** Have you ever read of him in your histories? How "famous" was he?

1. 4. **King Death.** Name and explain the figure of speech. Compare note on p. 17, l. 23.

1. 6. **These remarks.** As in all the stories, observe the connection of thought from paragraph to paragraph.

l. 21. **awful reverence.** Compare note on "something awful," p. 62, l. 30.

l. 23. **sternly.** Note how effectively Hawthorne uses adverbs such as this. The adverb is an extremely important part of speech in narratives. Compare "playfully," p. 102, l. 26; "indignantly," p. 103, l. 27; "solemnly," p. 106, l. 25; "fiercely," p. 107, l. 8; "submissively," p. 112, l. 23; and "more wildly," p. 112, l. 31.

l. 24. **Bedlamite.** Meaning? Why is "Bedlamite" used here? For several equivalent words, see dictionary.

l. 27. **scorn.** Compare "pride," p. 100, l. 30; "scorn," p. 105, l. 6; and "pride and scorn," p. 111, l. 13.

Page 103, line 1. **emblem.** See note on "mysterious emblem," p. 63, l. 18.

l. 4. **her beauty.** Describe Lady Eleanore as definitely as you can. Compare note on "picturesque," p. 28, l. 11.

l. 15. **his misfortune.** If Jervase had come under the spell of Lady Eleanore in London, why did he emigrate to Massachusetts before she did?

l. 18. **mad so to aspire.** Is "mad" used here accurately?

l. 21. **signal humiliation.** Here is a suggestion similar to the one on p. 101, l. 29, of the way the story is going to turn out. What signal humiliation does overtake her, after how long, and why?

l. 23. **above the sympathies.** Compare "insulating herself," p. 104, l. 34; "too high to participate," p. 105, l. 11; and "withdraw yourself," p. 106, l. 29.

l. 34. **summons.** Notice the reason why another word which might have been used here is not used.

Page 104, line 4. **Without much extravagance.** Why does the author describe the scene at all? What does he gain by describing it without extravagance? Compare "without much hyperbole," p. 83, l. 16.

l. 12. **bedizened.** Look up this word and also *pier-glass*, *damask*, *salver*, *chased*, *bruted*, *caustic*, and *fantasies*.

l. 15. **deep change.** Has this change lasted till the twentieth century?

l. 26. **magic properties.** Hawthorne might have written *magical*. Would that be a better word here? Compare p. 101, l. 17.

Page 105, line 10. **provincial mockery.** In what sense could this spectacle be called a "mockery" of a court festival.

l. 14. **strange events.** Compare p. 100, l. 33, "imparted an additional wildness to the strange story."

l. 16. **unnatural.** Hint of her affliction. Notice also "feverish flush," "lassitude," "doubts as to her sanity," "overwearyed," "languid," and "with a faint and weary smile."

Page 106, line 4. **liveried servants.** What does "liveried" mean? Observe the blunder in this extract from a high school paper: "Liveried servants are servants on horseback."

l. 31. **fallen angels.** If you live in the vicinity, go to the Brooklyn Institute building and see the piece of statuary called "The Fallen Angels."

l. 33. **sacramental vessel.** Observe that in the preceding paragraph Jervase had asked Eleanore to sip the "holy wine."

Page 107, line 2. **Old South Church.** Why does the author mention this church rather than some other church, as the Hollis Street Church, where Rev. Mather Byles preached?

l. 13. **fellow.** Contemptuous. See also p. 112, l. 6, where Governor Shute uses the same words with reference to Helwyse.

l. 19. **become me to weep.** Is Lady Eleanore truly penitent, or simply overwearyed and hence humble? Was the "mischief" any fault of hers?

l. 31. **accursed garment.** Is this prophetic, that is, based on some information held by Jervase and not known to the reader, or is it merely one of the madman's wild fancies? Compare "as you behold it now," p. 108, l. 4; "may wear another aspect," p. 108, l. 7; and "some deep secret," p. 108, l. 19. See also p. 112, l. 30.

Page 108, line 25. **Woe to those.** Doctor Clarke says this pro-

fessionally. He has been silently observing the feverish flush and the strange lassitude, studying the symptoms and diagnosing the case, we might say.

Page 109, line 3. **The ball.** Notice the skilful transition from one main division of the story to another. How many main divisions are there, and where does each begin and end?

l. 4. **colonial metropolis.** What city?

l. 12. **pitmarks.** Name and explain the figure of speech.

l. 16. **higher circles.** Notice this hint regarding the source of the epidemic.

l. 22. **not unworthy.** More artistic than a positive statement, "worthy." Why?

l. 27. **foremost.** Suggests that their association with Lady Eleanore that evening may have had something to do with their being stricken.

l. 30. **red brand.** Compare "blood-red flag," p. 110, l. 29; and "red flag of the pestilence," p. 114, l. 34.

l. 31. **noble's star.** See *Century Dictionary*, under *star*: "A star-shaped figure made of silver, gold, or both, sometimes set with jewels, worn usually upon the breast as one of the insignia of a higher class of an honorary order." In the same dictionary, under *bath* and *garter*, will be found pictures of different kinds of "star-shaped" figures referred to above. See also Scott's *Kenilworth*, Chapter VII, "'The embroidered strap, as thou callest it, around my knee,' he said, 'is the English Garter — an ornament which kings are proud to wear. See, here is the *star* which belongs to it.'"

Page 110, line 2. **the Three Hills.** Name three hills of Boston and vicinity.

l. 5. **Small-Pox.** What is gained by the use of a periodic sentence here? For an account of the ravages of this disease, see *Grandfather's Chair*, Second Part, Chapter V.

l. 8. **the present day.** When was vaccination introduced? Refer to one of the encyclopædias.

l. 9. **Asiatic cholera.** A scourge of this caused much fright all over the civilized world in 1817-1823, and three years later another outbreak occurred, starting from Central Asia and spreading throughout Europe and America.

l. 18. **pestilential relics.** Epidemics of cholera and the plague have been often the subject of writings in English. See an extract from A. H. Jessopp's "The Black Death in East Anglia," printed in Baldwin's *Specimens of Prose Description*, pp. 13-18. Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year* is sometimes read in schools.

l. 24. **ruler's mansion.** The origin of the disease is being deftly traced back to whom? Compare "lady's luxurious chamber," p. 111, l. 1.

l. 29. **blood-red flag.** Contagious diseases are now indicated in the large cities by what means? Are small-pox patients now treated in their own homes?

l. 34. **tracking its footsteps.** Ask some doctor whether it is possible to trace back a disease so definitely to its source.

Page 111, line 2. **proudest of the proud.** This is artistically managed, for Lady Eleanore has been simply called "proud" before; now, as the origin of the disease is being laid to her, Hawthorne emphasizes the overthrow to her pride by calling her "proudest of the proud."

l. 5. **to Lady Eleanore.** Study the structure of this sentence. Why does the author end with the words "Lady Eleanore"?

l. 8. **delirious brain.** Compare p. 104, l. 32 and p. 113, l. 28.

l. 19. **new triumph.** Fantastic.

l. 31. **lunatic.** Mention all other words that might be used for the same idea.

Page 112, line 6. **muttered.** Vivid verbs help to make a narrative vigorous and animated. Compare other specific verbs in "Lady Eleanore's Mantle."

l. 16. **mysterious property.** Compare the painter at the climax in "Prophetic Pictures," p. 39, l. 7.

l. 19. **infrequent guest.** Being so strong a democrat, he would naturally not be a frequent guest at Governor Shute's mansion.

Page 113, line 7. **Madness . . . efficacy.** In *The Last of the Mohicans* much is made of the Indian belief that a mad person is under direct charge of the Great Spirit. It is not so common a belief, however, that madness gives immunity from contagion. In all the great hospitals for the insane there are contagious wards.

l. 12. **delusion.** The well-known delusions of the insane often lead to trying situations. Lunatics are notorious for telling things not in accord with fact, and especially for thinking every one is insane except themselves. Because of this, a perfectly sane man recently found himself in difficulties. He went to a hospital with papers for the commitment of a friend. The doctor misread the papers and clapped him into a ward to be thoroughly scrubbed and then clothed in the regular uniform. The sane man expostulated vehemently that it was not he who was insane but a friend of his. "Oh, is that your trouble? Well, come right along this way," was all the consolation he could get from the calloused doctor.

l. 31. **canopied bed.** An interesting example of one of these old-style canopied beds is still preserved in Girard College, Philadelphia, among the effects of old Stephen Girard, the eccentric founder. Have you ever seen a "canopied bed"?

Page 114, line 3. **brain-stricken.** Compare "Bedlamite," p. 102, l. 24, and "Wretched lunatic," p. 111, l. 31.

l. 11. **blasted face.** Surely there is great retribution here. The doctor's prophecy is being abundantly fulfilled; pride has been brought low and nature avenged.

l. 14. **pride as in a mantle.** Lady Eleanore here gives concisely the moral of the tale.

l. 16. **medium.** Explain how the "wretched body" had been made the "medium" of a "dreadful sympathy." Hawthorne's idea is not very plainly expressed.

Page 115, line 6. **uncertainty.** Part of the charm of this story rests in its unreality, indefiniteness.

l. 11. **Supposing.** Dexterous use of a supposition instead of an outright statement.

l. 18. **veracity.** The skilful bolstering up of the unrealities of the story is worthy of notice.

Page 116, line 5. **another Tale.** The story which the old loyalist told follows in "Old Esther Dudley." In the introduction to "Lady Eleanore's Mantle," p. 99, l. 28, Hawthorne said that possibly he might in some later story give us a nearer glimpse of the elderly loyalist. This "closer glimpse" may be found in the introduction to "Old Esther Dudley."

## OLD ESTHER DUDLEY

The last of the Province House legends fully holds its own with the others for delicately toned mystery of a bygone age. In this, as in "Howe's Masquerade," there is an element "never satisfactorily explained." How old a person must Mistress Dudley have been at the end of the story, when Governor Hancock appeared, if, at the beginning, when Governor Howe departed, she had already dwelt almost immemorial years in the old mansion, and if "long, long years" elapsed from Howe's departure to Hancock's arrival? In other words, what is the sum of immemorial years plus long, long years? Again, how did old Esther maintain herself all these long years? Was the purse of golden guineas sufficient to furnish her sustenance for a long period? How could the old governors and their followers step forth from a blurred, antique mirror and talk to the mistress of the mansion? What made the little children think that characters like Governor Belcher really talked with them in the Province House? Such questions as these, some of them perhaps never "satisfactorily explained," suggest topics for lively class discussion. The historical questions involved should also receive requisite attention: let the pupil work out the real chronology of "Old Esther Dudley." Some hints of the actual historical facts are given in the notes.

Page 117, line 1. **Our host.** Compare p. 99, l. 29, and p. 129, l. 31. **resumed the chair.** You recall that at the close of the preceding story Mr. Thomas Waite left the room for a few moments to attend to the wants of other guests. Now he is back in his chair, and the story-telling is to be continued.

l. 3. **loyalist.** Notice the other words in this story referring to this same man. In the next sentence he is spoken of as "that

venerable man"; a little later he is said to be a man of "age-chilled blood"; toward the end of the paragraph he is called an "ancient" person; and in the last paragraph he is referred to merely as "the old loyalist." See "The Old Tory," Part III, of "Old News," in *Snow Image*, for a good description of a representative old loyalist, who complains that John Hancock's coachman takes particular pains to spatter mud on him at every opportunity. See also "The Tory's Farewell," in the third part of *Grandfather's Chair*, Chapter IX, where an account is given of the departure of Peter Oliver, a Tory, from Boston at the time of evacuation.

l. 6. **coal fire.** A slight suggestion of the season.

l. 13. **snows of fourscore winters.** This is a vivid, figurative way of saying that his hair was white, which we are told later in the paragraph, in the phrase "to the roots of his white hair." Compare "shedding their snows above his sable veil," p. 74, l. 6.

l. 17. **meridian life.** Equivalent to "middle age." Which is better?

l. 21. **trio.** Who were the three?

l. 26. **cackle.** Make a collection of the specific verbs in the story, such as *totter*, *babble*, *mutter*, *clutch*, and *clank*. Add others. Be noticing also the adverbs and adjectives which help to give vividness to the narrative, as, for example, *tremblingly* and *timorously*; *sable*, *rocky*, and *gouty*.

l. 27. **wits.** Would "wits" now be used properly as equivalent to "mental powers"? Compare "intellects," p. 65, l. 25.

Page 118, line 9. **metamorphosis.** Why not use here the simpler word *change*?

l. 11. **no involution of plot.** State the plot just as briefly as you can. Reduce it to a single sentence. Then tell it in exactly fifty words, getting as much as possible into your fifty words, that is, choosing the details to be inserted and the words to express them with great care. To see that this plot is really without invo-

lution, compare it with the plot of *Ivanhoe* or *The Last of the Mohicans*.

1. 13. **if I have rehearsed it aright.** As in the other stories of the series, Hawthorne, by his ingeniously apologetic way of introducing the improbable tale, gains our sympathy at the start, so that we are ready to enjoy almost anything that he cares to tell us, probable or improbable.

1. 16. **The hour had come.** If the author is to tell us a story of old Esther Dudley, why does he begin by mentioning Governor Howe's hour of greatest humiliation? Why does he not introduce Mistress Dudley in the first paragraph instead of making no reference to her till several paragraphs later?

1. 26. **the King.** Who was king of England during the Revolution?

Page 119, line 1. **blood-stain.** What would cause the blood-stain on the floor?

1. 3. **tremulous voice.** A suggestion here of the age of the person speaking. She is next referred to as "an aged woman," and is not named till a sentence later. This gradual leading up to the name of the central character is here an evidence of skill in narration. Compare a similar process in the early part of "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe."

1. 21. **magnificence of attire.** Old Esther's fondness for magnificent, if antique, clothes is mentioned several times. Governor Howe, observing this fondness of hers, considered her a perfect representative of an age gone by, an age of faded magnificence. Of what did Governor Hancock consider her a symbol?

1. 29. **flaring torches.** An indication, though vague, of the period of the story. What more definite indications do you find? There is not a single specific date in any of the Province House legends. Would the tales seem more real to you if there were?

1. 33. **attributes of awe and mystery.** Compare a line in Portia's speech to Shylock in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*: "The attribute to awe and majesty."

Page 120, line 5. **Mistress Dudley.** What abbreviation do we write now instead of the word "Mistress" ?

l. 9. **time-stricken.** This is a vivid epithet which helps the reader to realize the extreme age of Esther Dudley. What other details in the story add to this effect ?

l. 15. **good Mistress Dudley.** Compare "good Mr. Hooper," p. 62, l. 19.

l. 18. **John Hancock.** There is an artistic purpose in the introduction of Hancock's name here. What is it ?

l. 19. **better shelter.** Curiously enough some pupils always fail to get the idea here. What does the author mean ?

l. 30. **perchance.** Collect the somewhat archaic words used in the story, such as "perchance" and "beshrew." Compare "erst" in one of the other stories. What is the author's purpose in introducing such words ?

l. 32. **pageantry.** A favorite word with Hawthorne.

Page 121, line 1. **Come with us.** In some good history find where Howe went after leaving Boston.

l. 10. **moral of old-fashioned prejudice.** Compare "so perfect a representative of the decayed past," p. 121, l. 19, and "you are a symbol of the past," p. 128, l. 25. Collect all similar expressions found in the story, and then formulate the moral of the tale.

l. 16. **heavy key.** The same words are used p. 126, l. 18, and p. 127, l. 25. On p. 125, l. 22, the key is called "huge." Which is more vivid, the adjective suggesting the weight or the adjective suggesting the size ?

l. 28. **Memory.** Explain the meaning of this figurative language. Notice that the word here begins with a capital letter, whereas earlier in the sentence it is spelt with a small letter. Why the difference ?

l. 29. **total change.** See the dictionaries for the distinction in meaning between *total* and *entire*. Determine whether *total* is used correctly by Hawthorne here.

l. 31. **many years.** How many years actually passed from the evacuation of Boston by Howe till the election of Hancock as governor of Massachusetts? Compare Lippincott's *Pronouncing Biographical Dictionary*, Philadelphia, 1886, p. 1218, where the date of Hancock's election as governor is given.

Page 122, line 4. **gossips.** This detail about the old women huddling together in the chimney corners to whisper mysterious stories regarding old Esther is artistically effective here. Why?

l. 18. **gone days.** Instead of the more usual "by-gone," p. 123, l. 21, and p. 127, l. 7.

l. 19. **could cause.** Why is "could cause" repeated in the sentence?

l. 30. **nerve.** Meaning? Distinguish between this use of the word and the common colloquial use.

l. 31. **republicans.** Compare "treason to the Republic," p. 123, l. 30; and "the Republican Governor," p. 128, l. 34. What is meant by "republican" in this story? Compare "democrat," p. 99, l. 26.

l. 33. **hoop petticoat.** Compare p. 124, l. 10, and p. 130, l. 2.

Page 123, line 1. **symbol.** See note on "moral of old-fashioned prejudice," p. 121, l. 10.

l. 2. **So.** Used correctly here. See J. M. Hart, *Handbook of English Composition*, § 89, p. 147. The structure of this whole paragraph should be closely studied. Is the paragraph a unit? Express the thought in one sentence. How is each sentence related to the central thought? How are the sentences connected with each other? Study the next two paragraphs with similar care.

l. 8. **Rumor said.** Here, as in many other passages, the author avoids assuming the responsibility of making improbable statements on his own authority. He ingeniously puts such things into the mouth of "rumor," or else resorts to the convenient passive voice, and remarks deftly, "it is said," when he wishes to introduce something particularly mysterious.

l. 10. **black slave.** Observe the term applied to him in the next sentence, "sable messenger." Which is better? How could the moonshine gleam through this black slave?

l. 19. **told twelve.** Compare note on "full half an hour ago," p. 87, l. 5.

l. 20. **the Olivers.** Consult your histories or a biographical dictionary to find out who these people were.

l. 22. **portal.** Notice how many times this word occurs in the Province House legends; it is a mannerism of Hawthorne's.

l. 23. **shade.** Mention as many other words as you can to express the same thought. Is "shade" the best word to use here?

l. 30. **babbled.** The words in this sentence are particularly well chosen. The sentence structure, too, is worthy of imitation. Observe that a phrase of place begins the sentence — a good hint to you for your own writing — and that the participles are correctly managed.

l. 31. **shadow of the throne.** Explain the figure. How could the shadow of a throne protect anybody?

l. 33. **answered not again.** Compare Titus ii. 9, "Exhort servants to be obedient unto their own masters, and to please them well in all things; *not answering again.*" A number of passages in the Bible where the phraseology is somewhat similar may be found by reference to a good concordance.

Page 124, line 4. **rocky prejudices.** An unusual and strikingly effective epithet. How could "prejudices" be "rocky"?

l. 11. **stories of a dead world.** The word "world" is used figuratively for "people in the world." This is the use of the whole for a part. For an explanation of the figure synecdoche, see Hart's *Composition and Rhetoric*, Revised Edition, p. 130.

l. 16. **children of the past.** The same phrase occurs on p. 129, l. 11, in a different connection.

l. 19. **departed worthies.** See p. 91, l. 23, for Sir William Phipps; and p. 92, l. 27, for Governor Belcher. Phipps became

governor of Massachusetts in 1692 ; he died in 1695. Belcher was governor of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, 1730-1741.

l. 23. **half a century.** See note, above. The expression "half a century" does not here mean exactly fifty years. About how many years does it mean ?

l. 34. **Living.** This participle, standing at the beginning of the sentence, modifies the subject of the sentence as it ought to. Contrast this correctly related participle with the misrelated participles commented on previously.

Page 125, line 3. **partially crazed.** Run through the stories in this volume and see in how many there are characters crazed or partially crazed.

l. 8. **Washington, etc.** Compare the list of colonial officers, p. 86, l. 14.

l. 17. **transparency.** If you have ever seen a political parade, you have almost surely seen many "transparencies."

l. 20. **mildewed.** Specific adjective.

l. 33. **King of England's birthday.** See "Old News": "The anniversary of the king's birth appears to have been celebrated with most imposing pomp, by salutes from Castle William, a military parade, a grand dinner at the town-house, and a brilliant illumination in the evening. . . . Thus, until oppression was felt to proceed from the king's own hand, New England rejoiced with her whole heart on his Majesty's birthday."

Page 126, line 2. **crown and initials.** Compare p. 125, l. 17.

l. 6. **weary staircase.** The staircase was not weary, but Esther became weary in climbing it. Compare "gouty shoe," p. 127, l. 16 ; and "hopeless pencil," p. 35, l. 10. **cupola.** Compare p. 83, l. 27, "the cupola is an octagon."

Page 127, line 23. **surrender up.** Compare note on "lower down," p. 18, l. 1.

Page 128, line 11. **this New England merchant.** John Hancock, who, as president of the Continental Congress, was the first

to sign the Declaration of Independence, became wealthy, and thus was eligible for the governorship of Massachusetts. See McMaster, who says that the constitutions of many states required that the governor should be not only pious, but rich. "Any rich Christian might be the executive of Massachusetts or of Maryland." *History of the People of the United States*, Vol. III, p. 148.

l. 19. **venerable lady.** The courteous tone of the governor's remarks to poor old Esther Dudley is admirable.

l. 25. **another generation.** A generation is usually considered to be about thirty years.

l. 26. **symbol.** Compare note on "moral of old-fashioned prejudice," p. 121, l. 10.

l. 33. **gorgeous prejudices.** Notice the correspondence between the gorgeous prejudices of the past and the gorgeous magnificence in the dress of Esther Dudley, who is the symbol of the past. Compare "her own magnificence," p. 126, l. 24.

Page 129, line 11. **children of the Past.** Compare p. 126, l. 16.

l. 16. **dying gleam.** What is the author's purpose in telling of this dying gleam of the lamp just at the close of the story? Explain how the glory of the old Province House had vanished with such a "dying gleam."

l. 25. **multitudinous city.** Meaning? Mention all the words that could be used here to express the same idea.

l. 29. **the same voice.** In what sense could the bell of Old South be said to knoll the hourly knell of the past?



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